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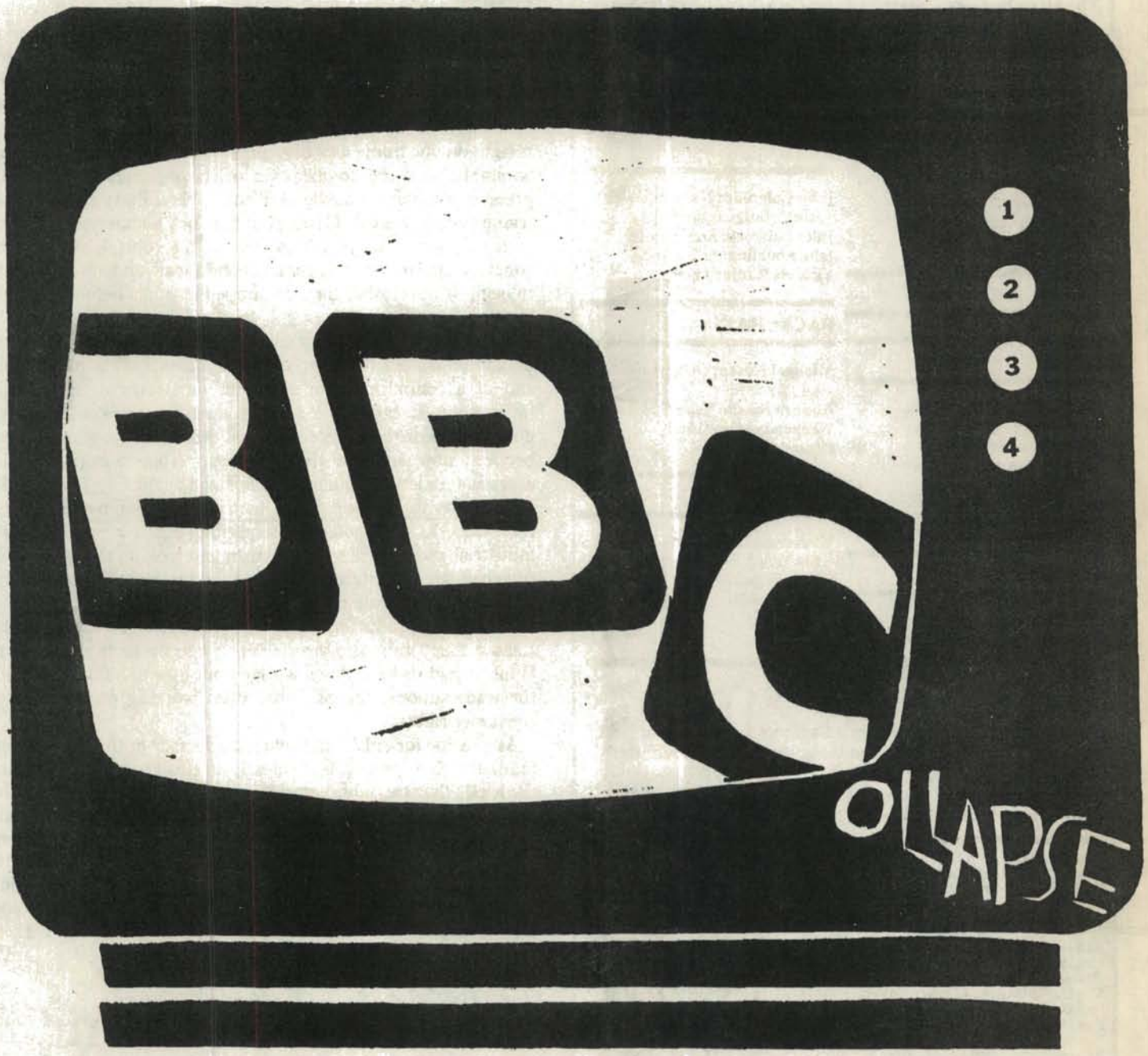
New Statesman

9 August 1985 80p IR£1.20 US$1.50 By Air



JULIA PASCAL: From the Holocaust to Hiroshima

ROB EDWARDS: Edinburgh Festival fears the philistines

JON COOK: Jekyll, Hyde and other doubles

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New Statesman

Cover drawing: Paul Peter Piech

The Beeb buckles under: a witness inside the Corporation gives a personal account of the days of crisis. **John Rentoul, Jolyon Jenkins and Anwar Iqbal** explain why the broadcasting unions had reached a breaking point. **Tom McGurk** reports on how Republican sympathisers are gagged in Eire. 8

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Rob Edwards: Edinburgh told to open up the Festival to popular art 10
Patrick Wintour: Low pay spawns no jobs 12
Duncan Campbell and Patrick Forbes: Investigation 12

FOREIGN

Walden Bello, Peter Hayes and Lyuba Zarsky: New documents reveal how US conned Japan over A-bombs 16
Scott MacLeod: Rabble-rouser rabbi threatens Likud 18

WEEKEND

From the Holocaust to Hiroshima: Julia Pascal interviews survivors 21

BOOKS

Jon Cook: Karl Miller's *Doubles* 24
Grace Ingoldby: Fiction 25
M. H. Ryle: Nuclear weapons and the law 26
David Edgar: Anthony Sher 26
Shorter reviews 27

ARTS

John Coleman: Nicholas Roeg's Insignificance 28
Jules Lubbock: Architecture 29
John Spurling: Art books 29
Victoria Radin: Theatre 30

BACKCHAT

Michael Rosen: Do buffaloes eat spaghetti? 31
Andrew Rissik: Television 32
Weekend competition 33
Crossword 33

PLUS

Mediawatch: John Ellis on the BBC's rude awakening 14
Diary: Francis Wheen 15
Roger Woddis 15
Letters 19
Slump 20

NEXT WEEK

Derek Mahon chooses this year's Prudence Farmer Award winning poem and comments on the quality of poetry published in the NS
Joan Smith: the cost of your caries
Barry Hugill: special schools

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1985 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Editor: Hugh Stephenson; **Deputy Editor:** Sarah Benton; **News Editor:** Andrew Lumsden; **Editorial staff:** Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political editor), John Rentoul, Claudia Wright (Washington); **Literary Editor:** Gillian Wilce; **Deputy Literary Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Circulation:** Liz Cooper, Susan Dineley, John Duncan (London); **Display advertisements:** Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** Laura Berryman, David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £37; Europe (air mail only) £41; rest of world: air speeded £41; air mail £52. USA: air speeded $62; air mail $83. Canada: air speeded Can $72; air mail Can $97.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

New Statesman

Vol 110 No 2838 9 August 1985

Labour starts to think it through

IT WAS A NOSTALGIC day at Congress House on Tuesday, with the leaders of the labour movement, political and industrial, speaking as one man (sic) on how to get the British economy working again. It was as though no profound questions about the role of trade unions and their relation to the Labour Party had been raised in the last ten years. Still, the Labour Party leadership is right on one thing: any government of Britain can only govern equitably with the co-operation of its organised workers. To pretend otherwise — as the SDP and Liberal Party are anxiously trying to do — is weak. Given Neil Kinnock's anxiety about being seen as the puppet of forces beyond his control, he is to be congratulated for opening the discussion at all, and it is good sense to begin it now rather than be jumped into just before a general election.

But the document, 'A new partnership, a new Britain', is clearly only intended as a basic declaration of the fact of the partnership and of a commitment to a mix of fiscal control and public investment. It cannot be seen as a serious economic strategy document. For that, there is a great deal more work to be done between now and the election. Apart from re-examining its excessive anxieties about being sabotaged by the City (see page 7), Labour has to scrutinise each part of the economy separately. Here the GLC set a good (if indigestible) example by taking each industrial and service sector by turn and looking at what mix of financial aid investment, support in terms of premises and training would create new jobs.

As well as producing plans for each sector of industry, the Labour Party must also broaden out the terms of its partnership. While it had its head down working out how to hold hands with the trade unions, the SDP has been working on the idea of consumer rights.

As a recipe for either improving democracy or the nationalised industries their proposals are clearly an effort to put into practice the ideals that are only rhetoric under the Tories. But for all the limits of the proposals, the idea of consumer rights is a democratic one which should be taken seriously. What is not inspiring about the Labour Party/TUC liaison committee (29 men, one woman) is the reversion to an old partnership of the men at the top which excludes both the rank and file who do the work in industry and services and those who, as consumers, feel victims of the markets and monopolies which Labour seeks to reform. □

Cruelty to children

ANGER, REVULSION and considerable hypocrisy have been aroused by the cases of two small girls cruelly killed by their fathers this year. The fact that the fathers of both Jasmine Beckford and Tyra Henry are black is highly significant to the coverage the deaths received, but not to the deaths themselves. As both the NSPCC and the British Association of Social Workers frequently point out, cruelty to children is not confined to one class, one race or even one sex. Indeed, until this year, all the most

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notorious incidents of child abuse were of white parents.

Specious comments have been made that these deaths reflect, in the words of *The Times*, 'family structure in ethnic groups.' If this means unmarried or single parents, or even 'infidelity' between parents, then it is unnecessary to point out how common a life-style this is among the white middle class. Nor is there any evidence of a correlation between, say, illegitimacy as such and child abuse. If anything, the tragedy for Jasmine Beckford and Tyra Henry was the very fidelity of their fathers to their mothers. If both men had, in a casual and promiscuous fashion, just disappeared, both girls would be alive today.

In the last eight years, the number of documented cases of serious injury to or death of a child at the hands of a parent or guardian has been going down. What has been going up is the amount of public attention we give to the issue. If this is a measure of a greater concern for the welfare of children, a greater commitment to every child being a wanted child, a greater revulsion at the idea of any adult causing pain or distress to a child, this trend is also a good thing. But if that is what the concern measures, then we have to start with reforms at the top that would help establish a climate of opinion on child welfare as a national priority, clarify the status of minors under law and bring some coherence to the role of social workers.

Confusion about the role of social workers is now endemic and highly politicised. They are expected to police the life of the working class at the same time as being a trustworthy friend to whom the desperate can turn in times of need. They are expected to serve both the State and their clients. They cannot. The welfare state will have to retain the power to take away children from danger. But if people in need are to be able to get help before there is a crisis, then there has to be a different sort of welfare agency. There should be an 'open shop' agency combining something of the functions of the Citizens Advice Bureau and Law Centre and the Samaritans.

Any such change should go hand in hand with a new system of informal family courts which the welfare agencies have been pushing for a long time. But any change for the better means social workers will have to engage in open discussion both in the media (difficult when they are easily cast as scapegoats) and with the councillors of their local authorities.

The councillors may be wrong and arrogant; but their right to represent what they believe to be the interests of their constituents cannot be denied. It would be sad if social workers saw their defence as lying in developing all the habits of public unaccountability of 'A Profession'.

This is not to say that social workers do not have, and should not be trained in, special skills. But because there is no consensus on the role of social workers, there is no consensus on what skills a social worker should have — from the ability to speak Welsh to the nous to know when someone is lying about the whereabouts of a child.

Of course, an army of social workers cannot turn pathetic or malevolent adults into responsible parents. But until social work provision is reorganised to provide an open advice and caring agency, adults who can't or won't cope with their children on their own will continue to view all welfare officers as enemies to be lied to and kept away. □

NS *not* in mourning. . .

We apologise to readers who may have been disconcerted to see last week's issue (2 August) printed entirely in black. Some might have supposed we went into mourning for the loss of editorial independence at the BBC, but the cause was actually a breakdown of our printing press. We're back with our usual spot colour this week.

On the right lines.

BR's Golden Rail had its most profitable year ever in 1984, selling 165,000 holidays.

Short-break holidays have been particularly successful.

Prices include two nights' dinner, bed and breakfast and return rail travel.

And destinations include London, Torquay, Windermere, the Cotswolds, the Lake District, and the Scottish Highlands.

Well, blow the stones.

Heavy rail traffic makes the stone ballast supporting the sleepers bed down, causing the track to lose its precise geometric levels.

A new machine developed by BR, and known as the 'Stoneblower' restores track to its correct level by blowing stones through a tube into the ballast under each sleeper.

Because it is so much more efficient, and also much quicker, this new machine will save money and disruption to rail traffic.

We're getting there.

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FURIOUS ASIANS PLAN PICKET OF DAILY MAIL

THE OFFICES of the *Daily Mail* are to be picketed next Monday (12 August) by individual Asians and representatives of Asian organisations outraged by the paper's *Brides for sale* lead story on 5 August. ANWAR IQBAL reports

WITH errors of fact and misleading assertions (see *Memo to Sir David English*) the Daily Mail of 5 August printed disturbing information about alleged instances of Asian teenage girls being 'sold' by their parents to would-be immigrants seeking UK citizenship.

But such was the factual muddle made by reporters in their references to the immigration law, and so sweeping were the generalisations, that the story as a whole has been received as an appalling slur on an Asian community beleaguered (*NS* 2 August) by racist attacks.

The *Daily Mail* has already been accused of smear tactics in coverage of a quite separate racial case, the Islington council row (*NS* 21 June Miscellany column and see also this issue p 6). Among Asian organisations now planning to demonstrate outside Carmelite House, the *Mail's* London headquarters are UK Islamic Mission, Indian Workers Association, Southall Law Centre, Muslim Womens Association, London, Indian Muslim Society and Pakistan Workers Society.

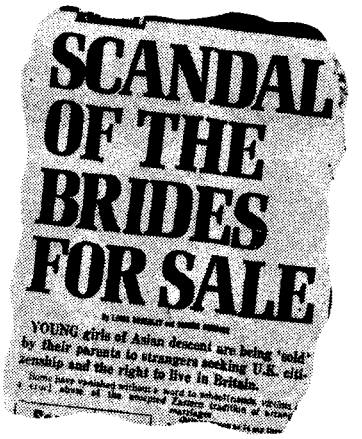
Also picketing will be the Immigration Widows' Campaign, recently successful at the European Court in compelling Britain to change its laws so that non-British women with UK residence can be joined by their husbands.

I spoke to well-known figures in London's Asian Community and to ordinary members of it whose comments on the *Mail* story are uniformly critical.

● Mr Cabra of the Indian Workers Association thinks that it was 'disgusting, sensational and cheap. They might have found one or two cases but it is wrong to present it as a general reflection on the Asian culture.'

● 'Never heard of such a practice' — this was the immediate reaction of an Asian woman associated with the Black Sisters, a women's organisation based in London. 'Arranged marriages yes, but not a transaction. No, that's rubbish.'

● Santosh Gill, a woman associated with the Indian Workers Association thinks 'it is absolutely ridiculous. No parent would ever do that'.


SCANDAL OF THE BRIDES FOR SALE

YOUNG girls of Asian descent are being 'sold' by their parents to strangers seeking U.K. citizenship and the right to live in Britain.

Modern journalism, 5 August 1985, dateline Britain

● Fiona McTaggart, general secretary of the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants (JCWI) describes the story as 'quite nauseating. The picture it implies is that the Asian community is selling its daughters on a grand scale.'

● Khalid Sharif, an Indian Muslim affiliated with Yusuf Islam's (former Cat Stevens) Muslim Aid, calls it 'a very false and a very dangerous generalisation.'

● Rasheed Siddiqui, President of the UK Islamic Mission, London, who has been a community worker for the last 23 years and also runs a non-profit making marriage bureau says he 'never came across parents who wanted to sell their daughters. It is part of a traditional mud slinging campaign against Asians in general and Muslims in particular' (all the girls mentioned in the story are Muslims). 'These sort of press attacks have only made life more difficult for Asians.'

● Dr. Kalim Siddiqui, a former Fleet Street journalist and the author of many books on different social and political issues, thinks it 'a case of "mud-slinging". The language is very emotive, eg "birds in the cage" (a phrase in a *Mail* editorial, also 5 August) and the emphasis on a need for further tightening of immigration laws does seem to be unnecessary. I won't be surprised if one day the Home Secretary appears on TV to criticise Asians for abusing the laws.'

In reporting Asian anger at the sensationalism and tone of the *Mail's* treatment of the alleged incidents that it has uncovered I feel I shouldn't exclude my own reaction as an Asian journalist in London.

'How did it feel when you wore clothes for the first time?', Jayaben Desai, an Indian woman who was a key figure in the Grunwick photographic factory strike, was once asked.

After reading the *Daily Mail's* 'Brides-for-a-passport' scoop, I had to ask myself a similar question. How does it feel to live among human beings for the first time after spending 29 years of my life in what the junior Employment Minister, Alan Clarke, has called 'Bongo-Bongo land'?

After all, I am an Asian and Asians, according to the story, put their daughters on sale for strangers, offering British passports as bonus. Or is it the other way round, passports being the main attraction? A community that arranges en masse sale of its daughters can't be included among human beings. ●

★

Memo to Sir David English cc to all *Mail* journalists

APART from being offensive, the *Mail's* story is factually inaccurate and misleading:

1. 'Young girls of Asian descent are being "sold" by their parents to strangers seeking UK citizenship . . .' There's no way Asian men can get British citizenship merely through marriage. They can only get limited residence rights — a quite different matter.

2. 'Until recently, would-be immigrants could only seek out Asian girls born in Britain . . .' In fact, since 1983, naturalised British Asian women have had the same rights as those born here.

3. 'Following European Court ruling . . . fiancés and husbands of naturalised women can also stay here.' Wrong: the ruling was that *non-British* women had to be given the same rights.

4. 'In July the European Court of Human Rights took a decision . . .' It was in May.

5. 'MPs, Home Office Ministers and officials receive confidential letters from girls of Asian descent begging them to contrive that the men to whom they have been "sold" are refused entry to Britain'. Immigration minister David Waddington recently gave the figures to the Select Committee on Race Relations and Immigration. In one year, the Home Office received 23 letters of complaint from engaged Asian women. In the same period, 1,070 husbands and fiancés in the Indian subcontinent were refused entry to Britain.

6. 'Two 15-year old girls from Burnley . . . wrote to a Tory MP about their fears.' The Home Office tells the *NS* it knows nothing about a Tory MP, so which one was it? Burnley has a Labour MP, so could it have been David Waddington himself, MP for the adjoining Ribble Valley constituency? ●

The Daily Mail's circulation is 1,828,000. Editor-in-chief is Sir David English. Chairman is Lord Rothermere.

Authorities drag another gay bookshop into court

AS IF BORED with the long wait even to achieve a committal verdict in the Gay's the Word trial (*NS* 19 July) the authorities — this time the police rather than Customs & Excise — have proceeded against another London gay bookshop. The target is Zipper bookstore in Camden, which specialises in material for gay men.

This Monday 12 August the four directors of Millivres, the publishing company that owns the shop, go before Highbury magistrates on charges arising from a police raid that occurred over a year ago (*NS* 27 July 1984).

The book — so to speak — has been thrown at the defendants: a total of 40 charges under the Obscene Publications Act, the Cinematographic Act and the Post Office Act, the latter being a particularly archaic piece of legislation. The police case relates mainly to picture magazines published by Millivres — *Zipper, Mister* and *Vulcan* — which Alex McKenna, director of Millivres, describes as 'pretty decent stuff'.

Zipper has been raided at least a dozen times in recent years, and 'for the sake of a quiet life' Millivres' directors have always until now pleaded guilty. This time they intend to fight the case. McKenna says he's fed up with pleading guilty when he doesn't feel guilty — and with the number of charges facing them and the back-history the directors could face heavy fines or prison sentences if convicted.

McKenna — who suspects a high level crackdown on gays — is aggrieved at the lack of coverage of the case in the national press. The kind of material he publishes attracts 'less sympathy' than that in the Gay's The Word case: it's not 'hardback and worthy,' he says. But he faces the trial with equanimity: 'I always take a good slug of gin beforehand.'

Jolyon Jenkins

The magistrate in the entirely separate Gay's the Word committal hearing is due to give his verdict on 20 August.

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Scots councils threaten a Rank Xerox boycott

LABOUR COUNCILS in Scotland are threatening to boycott Rank Xerox if the company sticks to its decision to withdraw from sponsoring the 1986 Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh. A well organised boycott could have an important impact on the company's photocopying business.

Rank Xerox announced this week that it has decided not to continue with a planned £600,000 package because of the 'political uncertainty' surrounding the games. The company let it be understood that it's blaming Edinburgh's Labour council for its decision.

Labour councillors are held responsible for a row which led to Channel 4 cancelling coverage of an athletics event at Edinburgh's Meadowbank stadium on 23 July. In fact the chair of the Independent Broadcasting Authority (IBA), Lord Thompson of Monifieth, has admitted that it was the fault of the Scottish Amateur Athletics Association (SAAA), which had failed to keep the IBA properly informed.

The South African-born Zola Budd was running that night and Edinburgh council was worried that this would increase the risk of some nations boycotting the Commonwealth Games. The council was anxious to make its position clear and agreed with the SAAA to display 'Edinburgh Against Apartheid' banners within the stadium.

When they discovered this on the day, the IBA decided at the last minute to pull the plug on the grounds that 'political advertising' is forbidden on television. ('Does this mean,' queried one Labour councillor, 'that the IBA is *in favour* of apartheid?')

Labour councillors suspect privately that Rank Xerox may have been going to withdraw anyway, but couldn't resist making a little political mischief out of its decision. Rank Xerox has a subsidiary company based in South Africa and its parent company in Britain, the Rank Organisation (which owns 49 per cent of Rank Xerox) donated £100,000 to the Conservative Party between 1981 and 1983.

Rob Edwards

Melanie Friend

SHADOW OF WAR

THIS TUESDAY 6 August: Brighton residents gazing at 'shadows' left on the pavement overnight by local CND groups. From Northern Ireland to the Hebrides peace campaigners stencilled shadows as a memorial to those who were vapourised when the bombs went off in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and whose 'images' were imprinted on walls as if on Turin shrouds of stone. ●

Balts manage to embarass the Soviets

A CRUISE and conference organised by Baltic refugees from Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania has been trying to get the 'Baltic Question' back on the political agenda.

The 'Baltic Peace and Freedom Cruise', as it was called, returned to Stockholm at end-July after a four day sail through the Baltic to Helsinki. Designed to coincide with the tenth anniversary of the Helsinki Accord, its aim was to highlight continued oppression of the peoples of the eastern Baltic littoral. The formerly independent states were occupied by the Soviet Union in 1940.

The trip was dogged by practical and political difficulties. Both the ship — the *Baltic Star* — and the organising committee received bomb threats; the ship was shadowed all the way by Soviet, Finnish and Swedish secret services, and diverted from its agreed course by a Soviet military pincer movement; and 400 Finnish Communist MPs unsuccessfully tried to prevent the ship from docking in Helsinki.

Following *Baltic Star*'s arrival, the streets of Helsinki witnessed the largest political demonstration for decades — in support of the cruise. After the demonstration, cruise members went to the Soviet embassy but were forced away by police, who made one arrest and two detentions.

Towards the end of the voyage, participants unanimously agreed a series of demands for the establishment of peace, human rights and freedom in the Baltic region. Those who took part describe the debates as 'non-dogmatic' and 'filled with real spontaneity'.

According to one recent visitor to the Baltic states, Balts themselves view the cruise as positive action. In the words of a representative from the Swedish peace campaign, it seems that 'detente from below' might be taking its first real but uneasy steps in the area.

Agris Krumins

MISCELLANY

Dulwich portrait gallery

Fancy, a document has fallen into our possession. Unheard of. This one's a report to Labour HQ (under new management: L. Whitty Esq) on recent selection proceedings for the parliamentary candidate in Dulwich. The windfall's important not because the selection process winner, Kate Hoey, may become Mrs Thatcher's MP now the PM has bought her £400,000 'neo-Georgian' monstrosity there, but because of some of the comments made on the short-list by a supposedly impartial paid Labour official. Ms Hoey herself was 'very good . . . she gave straight answers to questions'. Nasty old unsuccessful applicant Paul Moore, however, 'was completely outrageous. He attacked the leadership and the terms of the likely General Election manifesto . . . He was also in favour of convicted miners being granted an amnesty irrespective of the crime they had committed'. The third contender, Mr O. Husbands, 'was a breath of fresh air. Like Kate he was completely straight with his answers reflecting party opinion outside London'. Kath Butler, the party official concerned, concludes: 'Notwithstanding Paul Moore's contribution, the [selection] conference was very good.' Oh for a leaked pre Cabinet reshuffle report on leading Cons: 'Leon does what he's told of course, but the public can't stand him and nor can I . . .'

A lesson to us all

The Joseph family firm of Bovis is doing its utmost to rescue schools closed as a result of the spending policies of its most famous former site foreman and building manager, Education Sec Sir

Keith. Farrington primary school was gutted by fire a couple of years ago and rather than meet the cost of repairing it the local education authority sold it off to a company busy 'developing' the area, Bovis Homes Ltd. A wise decision because the chance of any primary school, let alone a fire damaged one, having any money spent on repairs is negligible. Indeed HM Inspectorate keep producing reports for Sir Keith telling him that many such schools are literally falling down. This, they say, is not good for teacher or pupil morale. No problem, however, if the property is to be given over to a more useful purpose than teaching youngsters. In this case, luxury apartments. The project sounds most attractive. The flats are to be reached via a gothic arched doorway leading to a stairway dominated by a large stained glass window 'miraculously' preserved from the fire. A snip at £95,000, with the larger flats £159,000. Just right for a young teacher.

Chemical wordfare

James Hawthorne, BBC Northern Ireland controller, has used one of the interviews that have fallen on him like a ton of bricks to launch an interesting line in chemistry-class metaphors. It's stupid, says he, to reduce arguments about the responsible way of covering terrorism to Thatcher's crack about the 'oxygen of publicity'. Might as well, he says, go on about 'the hydrogen sulphide of politics', or 'the bicarbonate of decision-taking'. What about the 'helium of Prime Ministerial arrogance', or the 'laughing gas of Home Office excuses', or 'the methane of BBC governors' meetings'?

Good egg at a lunch

The tale's taken its time to get to us, but we hear that a lunch honouring South African ambassador Dennis Worrall was gate-crashed on 10 July. City AA supporters — they of the regular Friday pickets at South Africa House — added cuisine odeur *to the menu,* bombe aroma *. . . well, alright, stink bombs. But that's not the essence of the tale. The salt that added the savour was a comment allegedly overheard from a senior A Division officer: 'They shouldn't have thrown stink bombs, they should have thrown grenades'. No, no, Sir Kenneth, of* course *he won't have meant it. But it speaks volumes, for once, for Racism Awareness Training.*

Demented poodle

So there *Miscellany* was, pushing and shoving with the rest of the Alternative Great & Good at the ICA this Wednesday to see — to *see*? Why weren't there paramilitary units to keep us out? — that interesting little number *At the Edge of the Union*, about which there's apparently some controversy. Much speechifying from the attendant worthies. Lord Annan's description of the Home Secretary as a 'demented poodle' should run and run. Unfortunately for the Gov (and govs), their defendant at the ICA, Michael Mates, Tory MP (East Hants, *Belgrano* super-loyalist), declared that the prog shouldn't have been shown because Martin McGuinness is a convicted terrorist (he hasn't been convicted of a terrorist act); because the TV team had 'set up' the crime of an IRA gun salute (they hadn't); and because even if it would be alright for Northern Ireland viewers to see and hear McGuinness, it wouldn't be for 'Britain'. Britain?

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SPAIN IN UPROAR OVER PROPAGANDA VEHICLE

A STORM blew up in Spain last week over the discovery that Socialist prime minister Gonzalez, taking a three-day sea-cruise on the weekend of 26-28 July, elected to use a Spanish navy yacht the *Azor* which was appropriated for his own holidays by the late dictator Franco, and was — in every sense — a propaganda vehicle of that era. HOWELL LLEWELLYN reports from Madrid.

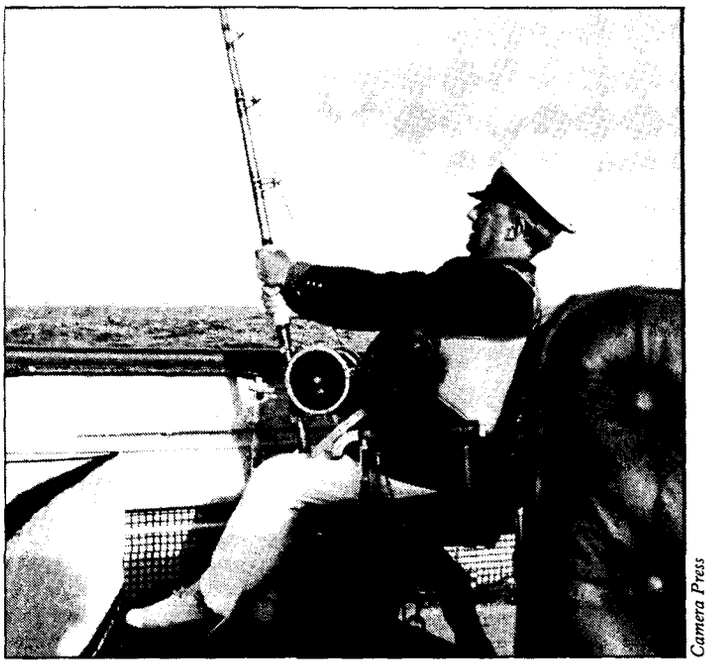
'I'M SURPRISED at the reaction', premier Felipe Gonzalez has been saying. 'It's time for politicians to rid themselves of reluctance to use any buildings etc associated with the previous [Franco] regime. Otherwise, it's only a waste of public money'.

But Spanish television pictures of Gonzalez standing on the deck of the 47-metre *Azor* reminded countless Spaniards of Franco doing the same most summers for 20 years. From 1949 Franco indulged his favourite pastime of tuna fishing on the *Azor*, sailing along Spain's northern coast.

The *Azor* is so firmly associated with the Franco dictatorship that there was a mixture of glee, consternation and perplexity across the media from conservative to pro-government when the Spanish premier began his cruise from Lisbon in Portugal to Cadiz in southern Spain.

'Symbolic message'

'When Gonzalez cruises on the *Azor* he knows what he's doing, and the symbolic value of the message directed to the country's most traditional sectors,' says Communist parliamentary spokesperson Andreu Claret. 'He has done this with total scorn for the Left, for whom this yacht has Francoist connotations.'



Camera Press

THE SORT of publicity still of Franco on the *Azor* which used to grind out from the propaganda mill into the government-controlled Spanish press summer after summer. Apart from tuna, the Fascist dictator used to go for dolphins, hooking them with a gaff so that he could then play them on a rod and reel. Cruel in itself, and a metaphor of his conduct to opponents.

The right-wing *ABC* newspaper carried an ironic item written entirely in the language used by Franco's propaganda team and still parodied by many journalists. Helped by the fact that the wives of Gonzalez and Franco are both called Carmen (Franco's widow is still alive), the *ABC* story reported: 'Just one Spaniard among many, His Excellency is enjoying his holiday aboard the *Azor* off the shores of our sister nation Portugal, awaiting the arrival of Dona Carmen.'

The pro-government *El Pais* daily says Gonzalez is over-acting his role as a man of state and seeming to forget his role as representative of the people. The paper spoke of Gonzalez' 'greed for solemnity, pomp and protocol'.

There are two more reasons why the *Azor* cruise has annoyed so many. Gonzalez has constantly demanded austerity and sacrifice from Spaniards, and the *Azor* is a luxury vessel with a 47-strong crew. Furthermore, earlier in July Gonzalez cancelled a trip to Cuba, Peru and Ecuador planned for last weekend 'to work from Madrid on next year's budget details,' according to the official explanation.

Communist spokesperson Claret says the *Azor* cruise proved what his party has charged from the start — that the cancellation of the Latin American trip was due to US pressure, because it included talks with Fidel Castro. ●

Islington row over racial harassment causes strike

ISLINGTON council, in London, may have been hoping its employees have short memories when it comes to sticking up for racial harassment victims (NS 21 June). But this week council staff proved differently by declaring a support strike on Monday.

Only ten weeks after council tribunals found three housing department employees guilty of making the life of black colleagues a misery, and after the local government union Nalgo specifically asked for the three not to be allowed to work with the public in the ethnically-mixed borough, the council has deployed one of them, Vi Howell, to work with the public.

Nalgo pleas that Ms Howell not be sent to one of Islington council's decentralised new 'neighbourhood' offices were ignored by the council. Union reps then approached Ms Howell themselves. They asked her to guarantee that there will be no further incidents of the kind that gave rise to the previous hearings (they didn't, incidentally, ask her to sign a pledge, as the Daily Mail *has reported, 3 and 6 August).*

After she refused, neighbourhood office workers voted by 107 to 5 to strike. They have been followed by social service area teams and housing advisory workers — a total of 440 are now out.

The council has offered as a compromise that the other two who were found guilty by the tribunals be barred from working with the public. But for the moment Nalgo is staying firm till Ms Howell is recalled to the town hall. ●

Ex-RAF officers to set up training school in Devon

SOUTH AMERICAN and Middle Eastern air force officers will be training at a private school in a small South Devon village if plans by a consortium of nine former RAF officers go ahead.

They want to open the 'School of Fighter Control (UK)' to teach personnel from foreign armed forces in fighter plane ground control using a £500,000 Ferranti computer radar simulator.

The prime figure in the consortium, former Flight Lieutenant Barry 'Butch' Mayers, tells the local Labour Party — which has been alarmed by local press reports that mercenaries might be among the clients — that the school will take only 'regular soldiers' from 'countries sympathetic to the Western Alliance'.

The school will rely on the MoD to tell them which these countries are. This presumably means that, for example, Chilean soldiers could be among the pupils. Mayers says that the countries he deals with will be those 'who feel the most under threat.'

Sales push now on

No countries have actually been signed up yet, but Mayers is pushing hard in the Middle East, and tells the *NS* that he hopes to pick up trade from the Iran-Iraq war. South America is 'a good prospect', but Mayers fears that some of the countries will be too poor for him.

Ferranti are putting up 22 per cent of the money, as are Investors in Industry PLC, a group owned by the big four banks. The rest will come from the former RAF officers, all of whom used to work at an RAF training centre in West Drayton, London.

Mayers says that the demand for training facilities now outstrips the supply, and that the MoD has no objections to the privatisation of military training. He claims to be doing the government a favour, and even hopes to get a subsidy from the MoD. The school is to be built in a large isolated house in the village of Harberton Ford, near Totnes; Mayers says that the scheme will provide employment for local young people who will act as proxy pilots for the trainees to 'control'.

Despite local objections, the school has received planning permission. But the district council has been taking a close look at the scheme and now says it wants to consider 'wider matters'. Local Tory MP Anthony Steen is also concerned and says he has 'questions of his own' he wants to ask the MoD.

If it goes ahead, the school won't be the only one in Britain. Since 1982, Bailbrook College in Bath has offered similar facilities on a small scale. But the principal of the college refused to tell the *NS* which governments it deals with, saying that the matter is 'confidential'.

Jolyon Jenkins

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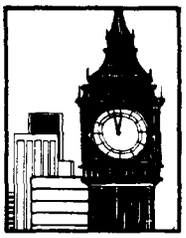

HUGH STEPHENSON

Realism, flashy wheezes and much muddle

YOU WILL remember the old one about the man who was arguing with those trying to persuade him not to jump from the top of the Empire State Building. 'But,' he said, 'what's the alternative?'

It is a measure of the lunacy of the economic and financial policy to which we have been subjected for the last six years — to the cry of 'There Is No Alternative' — that the economic and industrial policy documents to emerge this week from the Labour NEC and from the TUC-Labour Party Liaison Committee appear so comforting.

For in truth the bulk of both documents are essentially an orthodox restatement of the status quo before 1979. The Six Wasted Years since 1979 are properly castigated. But the prescriptions for the future have a familiar ring for students of Britain's economic and industrial decline. Most of what is being proposed has been proposed by Labour — in opposition and in government — at least since 1945: need for higher investment, for higher productivity, for proper training, for greater accountability, for a more equal society, for more industrial democracy and more rational and sustained planning, for more effective tripartite partnership in running the economy, for a beefed up National Economic Development Office, for a powerful industrial Reorganisation Corporation (1964)/ National Enterprise Board (1974)/National Investment Bank (1985).

Don't get me wrong. This is not a criticism of these two policy documents as such. A return to reality after two doses of mad and bad Thatcherite economic theories is heartily welcome. But it does set the limits on what can credibly be promised. The long-running negative trends in the British economy run deep. The windfall bonanza of the North Sea has been wasted and is over. British industry is weaker than ever. We have a trade deficit in manufactured goods for the first time in recorded history. It will, in short, be a poisoned chalice that is passed to Mr Roy Hattersley as Chancellor — if in the event it is he.

IN THE MIDDLE of all this economic and industrial realism there persists, though, one major piece of muddled thinking. I have written about it before in this column, but as it persists I fear that I must mention it again. It is the proposal — to use the shorthand of headlines — that 'the City' should be 'made to pay' for the new jobs that are needed to regenerate British industry.

The device proposed is a combination of taking tax concessions away from investment institutions that hold more than 5 per cent of their assets abroad and which do not hold 10 per cent of those assets in the form of loans to the proposed new National Investment Bank.

The element of 'voluntary' exchange control is muddled thinking, because there is no direct connection between financial institutions investment abroad and money which could have been used to invest in British jobs, as this week's documents continue to assert. British money, contrary to the popular picture, does not flow unpatriotically to Wall Street or Tokyo when the Pru buys shares for your pension fund.

What happens is that the Pru buys dollars or yen in the foreign exchange markets to finance the transaction, because of course it is impossible to buy things in Japan with pounds. The pounds in question stay firmly in the United Kingdom in the possession of whoever it was sold the dollars or the yen in the first place. Whether the new owner of those pounds invests them to a greater or lesser extent in British jobs than the Pru would have done is just an interesting speculation. Indeed the Pru could perfectly well buy shares on Wall Street by raising a loan from an American bank to do so, which is precisely what used to happen when we did have full-blown exchange controls.

The point here, though, is that the only *economic* effect of the transaction is that if the Pru persistently sells pounds to buy other currency, then sterling's exchange rate will be lower than it otherwise might be. Conversely, the only *economic* effect of the proposed Hattersley 'exchange controls' on financial institutions will be to hold up the value of sterling — as I think Mr Hattersley himself came close to admitting, for example, in his 12 July interview on Channel 4's *A Week in Politics*. And a high exchange rate may be a good thing in 1988, or it may not. Usually, at any rate for employment, it is better to devalue.

The muddle over the proposed National Investment Bank itself is quite separate. (I write incidentally as someone who has been strongly in favour in principle of such an institution, or institutions, since the days of the Wilson committee.)

Financial institutions can certainly be required to hold a given proportion of their assets in National Investment Bank stock, though it would be almost impossible to police. But if, as is being proposed, that stock carries with it a going rate of return and is covered by government (or Bank of England) guarantee then it is to all intents and purposes the same as ordinary gilt-edged government debt. Certainly a financial institution surveying the spread of its assets between gilts, equities and property will look on it as such. In other words the job of financing the NIB will be part and parcel of the overall job of financing the government deficit.

THIS IS IMPORTANT, because the mythology at least of recent Labour history has it that the City, by going on strike against buying gilts, can and has forced Labour from its policies and pushed interest rates up to damagingly high levels. (In passing, the truth is that recent Labour government problems were internal and real interest rates have been far higher under Thatcher than at any time under Labour.)

The reality of these moments, though, was not a capitalist conspiracy by financial institutions to follow particular anti-Labour policy. It came from the fact that the primary market in gilts is very inefficient, because fund managers behave like the City equivalent of Gadarene swine. In the face of rumours of rising interest rates, they all stand immobile until for some reason the entire herd takes off as one.

This market inefficiency should concern a future Labour Chancellor, for as Mr Hattersley says — most recently to a *Financial Times* conference on 12 July — an incoming Labour government will quite rightly want to borrow more (and not just for the NIB) — than Thatcher's Chancellors have done of late. By any measure — domestic or international — British financial institutions have the capacity to absorb a much higher level of government debt at reasonable rates of interest. But it will have to be sold to them on some other basis than the 'glut-or-famine' regime of recent years.

The most sensible way would be for an incoming Chancellor and his new Governor of the Bank of England to talk firmly but politely to the main financial institutions about the proposed programme of government debt that they are going to be asked to absorb over a year, with the implicit understanding that in return for their privileged fiscal position they were being asked in effect to underwrite it so as to ensure that it was bought up smoothly. That would make a more real contribution to underpinning a Labour industrial and economic policy than any amount of flashy exchange control wheezes. □

CHANGES TO NS LISTINGS

Starting with our issue dated **13 September**, Listings in its present form will be abolished and a new Listings service, called **AGENDA**, will take its place.

For a free leaflet giving full details of how the New Statesman's AGENDA column can help organisers of groups and meetings with their publicity please contact David Jones on 01-251 5487 or write to AGENDA, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB.

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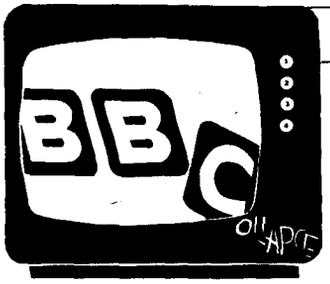


ON THE TREADMILL...

A little less than two weeks ago a Sunday Times *man put a question to the Prime Minister when she was in Washington. A hypothetical question but an informed one. In answering, Mrs Thatcher condemned utterly any British television station that might interview a leading IRA man. The journalist knew the BBC planned to screen a programme in its* Real Lives *series on Wednesday 7 August which included an interview with Martin McGuinness, a Republican and an elected member of the Northern Ireland Assembly — and alleged IRA chief of staff. As a result of the Prime Minister's blanket condemnation and of her Home Secretary's request to the Chairman of the BBC's Governors, Mr Stuart Young, the programme will not be shown. As a further result Britain had an almost complete black out of news and current affairs bulletins and programmes on both television and radio this Wednesday. Beginning at the BBC's Television Centre but spreading throughout the country, journalists protested and sought to widen the debate to the larger issue of the freedom of broadcasters in a democracy.*

One senior BBC radio journalist in London kept a diary of the weekend leading to the twenty four hour strike. Here is his record of developments in Broacasting House and his reflections on them.

Friday 2 August

No unusual tension this morning. No lobbying in offices or studio area by anyone on the NUJ Chapel Committee. Occasionally — pausing between phone calls — someone asks a colleague if she or he is a member of any union at all. There's no excitement either. Reporters — like the producers and news room sub-editors with whom they work — accept that a challenge has been tossed at our integrity. Somehow at lunchtime attendance at a non-mandatory NUJ meeting has to be fitted into a busy day. There has to be discussion of that challenge and the way in which we have already been compromised by the Board of Governors' decision. Two producers exchange a phrase on the stairs:

'See you at the meeting?'

'Can't. Doing a studio recording.'

'But you're in support of a strike?'

'What's the alternative?'

For day to day journalists in Broadcasting House the alternative becomes more plain as colleagues re-emerge after night shift or return from a midweek break. Those of us close to the daily treadmill gather only snippets of what may or may not be going on in the management areas at the Third Floor front. Between recordings or rechecking a news bulletin item we've only time to mutter:

'Where the heli's the Director General in all this?'

'Surely our Board of Management must say something. They're the full time professionals.'

Those fresh from days off broaden the argument. They put the point that if the Corporation's Governors cave in so readily this time, what will this — or any — Home Secretary's next request/suggestion/demand be? An awareness of this future, more sombre possibility colours the packed NUJ meeting. We are not discussing a carefully researched and balanced programme involving polarised opinions in Northern Ireland. How far the intended or finished programme was referred up, down or sideways for clearance within the Corporation is not the issue. Our full time executives have been over-ridden on the basis of one request from the Home Secretary who hasn't seen the programme. He aimed one paper dart at the Board of Governors and they ran up a white flag and sued for terms. The Welsh Governor honourably dissented.

There's little difference of opinion between journalists on what should have been done. Leaving the meeting after a unanimous vote in support of our television colleagues we're blunt about the response that should have gone to the Home Office. Mr Brittan should have been forced into a direct banning. Blank screens and an explanation clearly stating that mainland Britons are not fit and competent to listen to arguments and view politicians who can be

IRISH CRACKED

OVER A DECADE ago, Irish broadcasters fought much the same battle and lost. The Irish national television service, RTE, operates under direct government censorship in its coverage of Northern Ireland. Under section 31 of the Irish Broadcasting Act, any interviews on radio or television with members of the IRA *or* members of Provisional Sinn Fein are forbidden. Furthermore film coverage of any pro-Republican events, like party conferences or demonstrations, is only allowed *without sound.*

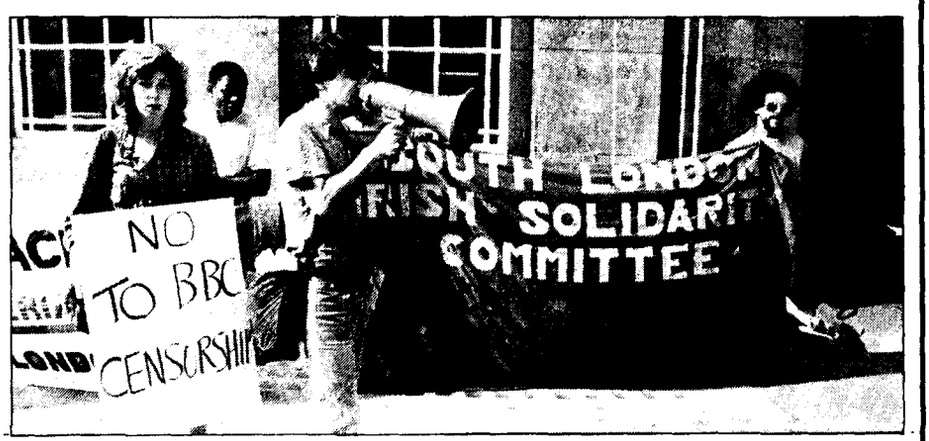
In 1971, the government of Fianna Fail's Jack Lynch reacted to an RTE radio interview with Sean MacStiofain, the then reported chief of staff of the IRA, by introducing section 31, arresting the journalist who did the interview, and sacking on the spot the entire RTE Authority — the equivalent of the BBC Board of Governors.

Three years later, Dr Conor Cruise O'Brien (Labour Minister of Posts and Telegraphs 1973-77) extended the provisions of section 31 to cover Sinn Fein. To Dr O'Brien, Sinn Fein were 'a public relations organisation operating on behalf of a gang of murderers' and interviews with them were simply 'incitement to crime'.

After the hunger strikes, when the IRA developed the 'ballot box and armalite' strategy, and Sinn Fein began to contest elections both North and South, section 31 proved a farcical nightmare for Irish broadcasters. The dramatic by-election victory of Owen Carron in Fermanagh, South Tyrone had to be covered without allowing the candidate to speak; even his victory speech at the count had to be 'muted out'. The majority of people in the Republic can receive BBC and ITV signals anyway, so section 31 only 'protects' those who watch RTE.

Over 40 per cent of Northern nationalists who voted in 1984, voted for Sinn Fein, yet the views of their public representatives have never been heard on RTE. One of the leading local councillors in Dublin who has taken an active part in the anti-heroin campaign is a member of Sinn Fein, but even solely on the question of drug abuse, he cannot be interviewed.

Tom McGurk



Paul Mattsson

Cameras turn on Beeb's Portland Place, picketted by Irish Solidarity group

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Alwyn Roberts: Welsh Governor and only honourable dissenter

watched whenever news demands it in Northern Ireland.

One man in the sandwich queue fears for the future. He voices what many are thinking. If our Governors quail at one letter — before the Home Office Task Force has even set out, as he puts it — who's to say how or when the Exclusion Zone of what we may or may not tackle might be quietly widened in the future!

At home I glance again at the instruction issued to us by the NUJ. We are urged to wear black armbands during next Wednesday's strike. A symbol of the passing of our Governors' resistance to outside interference. Maybe. Why should we not wear something colourful instead? Something festive to celebrate the rejoinder that these same Governors will meet from their own Corporation and — it seems — far beyond?

Saturday 3 August

Bundling up the week's newspapers for our greengrocer I squat on the kitchen floor scanning the names of those who've entered the grand debate. Sir Hugh Greene our former Director General. 'Things can never be quite the same again.' Too right. I read for the second time a letter signed by 12 programme makers at Lime Grove. Employees writing to *The Times*? Hazardous to their careers but they sense the greater hazard unless we protest.

On the transistor behind me I hear an account of the ITN journalists' meeting in support of our own concern at outside interference. Giles Smith says that they fear 'the same sort of pressure some day'. Should he be dismissed as a paranoid or stealthy activist? I laugh as the phone begins to ring. Giles Smith is very wise to be wary.

The Press Officer of a national organisation is calling. He's a friend but I know he's sniffing for information.

'Where's your Director General then?'

'I'm told he's in Norway on holiday. He's been under some pressure.'

'Aren't there any planes or phones in Norway?'

'They're trying to trace him. He's fishing.'

'Up a fjord presumably? Without a paddle?'

I laugh this off but privately I'm worried as we all are. Where is Milne? We need him. Like now if not sooner. I'm asked if it is true our Departmental Heads are encouraging next Wednesday's strike action. I can only say they're not discouraging it as only the Beeb can. Names noted. Unsuitable for promotion to Editorial level. Nothing of that hinted at this time.

Finally I'm asked if we expect to be docked a day's pay. I reply that such a penalty is piddling when set against a future of increasing compromise. Who would wish to watch us being neutered into just another State Broadcasting mouthpiece? At Bush House our External Services colleagues are joking already in the canteens about 'The Voice of Brittan'.

My friend is nothing if not persistent:

'But this is a programme about the IRA . . .'

'It is not. Anyway that is no longer the issue.'

'So what is?'

'Whether we can look our teenagers in the face at the end of the century. Or can we still manage to face our bathroom mirrors in the future if we don't protest?'

'Sound very noble.'

I tell him to piss off until this is all over. Yet when I put down the phone I'm almost sickened by the words I've used. I swore when this began I'd not be pushed into postures or be edged into resounding clichés. There's a danger that columnists everywhere — not to mention politicians — are conscripting us into a stage army. We must enlist their support but not allow ourselves to be used.

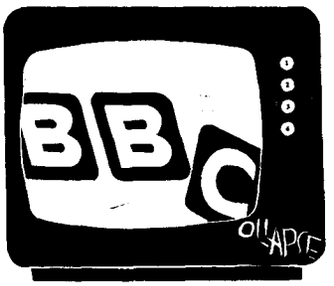
Sunday 4 August

Just how will we be perceived as we stand on picket lines outside Broadcasting House? It seems increasingly likely that there'll be almost no news or current affairs coverage of our action by cameras or tape recorders. We shall be in the hands of Fleet Street. How will they portray us come Thursday morning? Shall we be a turbulent rabble of Lefties dedicated to defying our Governors? An arrogant gang pitting ourselves against the Home Secretary? Both would be equally nonsensical.

On Wednesday passers-by will see news people and programme makers who have remained with the BBC although their horizon of career prospects becomes daily less attractive in the wake of the recent licence fee decision, people who stay loyal to a Corporation that — more than four months into a new pay year — has still not awarded a new pay settlement. No favourite islands for the married workers with kids this August. We still seek to serve a Corporation which (of all ironies) is about to appoint a reporter in Northern Ireland for almost exactly the salary paid to a twenty-two year-old trainee actuary. Guess which of the two will be quizzed about his or her grandparentage, asked for his or her strategy to bring peace to that troubled province?

More immediately we shall stand in this wettest of Augusts to show support for our own Board of Management's right to manage broadcasting with wisdom and perception. Mr Kaufman and Mr Steel seem to have heard us already and have understood. We — as broadcasters — travel from time to time on the viewer's money. Not only do we bring back programmes. We see how short the road is from 'very reasonable requests' to censorship. It is because we know how short and smooth such a road can be that passers-by may see journalists tremble a little on Wednesday.

WHY THEY STRUCK



IRA ROW WAS LAST STRAW FOR FED-UP UNIONS

JOHN RENTOUL, JOLYON JENKINS and ANWAR IQBAL on the build-up of anger within the media

THE STRENGTH, speed and unanimity of the trade union response to the BBC Board of Governors' action has surprised many. But antagonism to government pressure on the BBC and other media has been building up for some time. From the Falklands war through the miners' strike, the government's priorities have threatened editorial independence, and the BBC is usually first in the firing line.

The legacy of the Falklands still hangs over the BBC's World Service in particular, although one National Union of Journalists official at Bush House sees the Falklands as an example of when the BBC told the government to 'bugger off'. It is partly *because* the BBC has previously resisted interference in its editorial policies that the response to the banning of the Real Lives programme is so strong. 'People were very angry and bitter about it.'

The second major conflict was over the miners' strike, when the BBC was under pressure to broadcast daily 'back-to-work' figures produced by the Coal Board. This particularly affected local journalists 'on the ground'. Martin Cooper, NUJ representative at BBC Radio Derby summed up the resentment of his members:

> 'We spent a vast amount of time during the miners' strike trying to convince miners' leaders that Radio Derby wasn't biased. I think we succeeded in convincing them, and having got over that major hurdle this new situation has come up and it's made us think that perhaps all our good efforts have been wasted.'

Radio Derby journalists — like many others around the country — were unanimous in their decision to strike.

Again and again NUJ officials stressed that the strike was 'more on a point of principle than in solidarity'. Vincent Hanna, broadcasting rep on the NUJ's national executive, acclaims the strike as 'a great moral victory'. But the 'principle' of censorship could not stir so many trade unionists with such a reputation for self-interestedness so quickly except in the context of a government seen as authoritarian.

The Board of Governors met on Tuesday 30 July, asked to see a tape of the programme and banned it. The BBC news, current affairs and

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documentary journalists had an emergency union meeting the very next day, and feelings were already running so high that there was no discussion of whether to strike, but only an 'anxious debate' about whom they were striking against. The explosion of righteous anger was given greater force by the government's obvious hostility to the BBC. The long wrangle over the licence fee was still fresh in people's minds, and suspicion runs deep over the nakedly political composition of the Peacock Committee set up to investigate advertising on the BBC. Continuous sniping at *Panorama* from Tory backbench MPs has also alarmed otherwise 'non-political' journalists.

BUT THESE issues can hardly have swayed Independent Television News journalists when they met on Friday 2 August to discuss their latest pay offer. They rejected 6 per cent, but un-militantly decided not to start an overtime ban. They were then addressed by Vincent Hanna — who as a BBC journalist could not normally rely on a sympathetic hearing — and NUJ activists, who hardly took part in the discussion, were 'amazed' at the response.

Normally 'non-political' members spoke of the Board of Governors' action being 'not the thin end of the wedge, but some considerable way down it', and of their fears that the Independent Broadcasting Authority might be next in line, with the government laying down rules as to whom journalists could and could not interview. The motion to strike for one day was carried with just one vote against.

Instant support from ACTT, which represents film and television technicians, was perhaps less surprising. Its leadership sees its role as taking political stands as well as servicing members. In BETA — the Broadcasting and Entertainment Trades Alliance, which represents other non-journalist BBC staff — reaction has been more hesitant. Ordinary members are outraged at what has happened, but permanent officials have been reluctant to get involved. At a mass meeting on Tuesday this week, the day before they voted both to join the strike and to condemn their national executive for its inaction. But in the preceding days, branches and sections of branches had been voting for unofficial strike action.

There is a suspicion that some BETA officials regard the censorship issue as a sideshow to the main battle over the 4,000 redundancies — mainly among BETA staff — required by the BBC's rationalisation plans. But there is a logistical problem, because the union's new rulebook allows industrial action only after the national executive has held a secret ballot.

Whatever the reason, BETA head office only issued instructions not to cover for striking NUJ colleagues — whereas even officials of the right-wing electricians' union EETPU were instructing members not to cross picket lines.

Many ordinary BETA members, however, see both the job cuts and the Governors' ban as government-inspired attacks on the concept of public service broadcasting. As with the NUJ, feeling has been growing for some time; at the last BETA conference there was virtually unanimous condemnation of BBC coverage of the miners' strike.

These attitudes are not confined to those who work for the BBC. In its 1984 annual survey of public opinion, published earlier this year, the BBC found that 46 per cent of people questioned thought that TV news and current affairs (both BBC and ITV) were sometimes deliberately misleading (38 per cent thought they were generally honest). One third of Labour Party supporters thought BBC1 was biased towards the Conservatives — but only 25 per cent thought the same about ITV. □

LABOUR COUNCILS

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL CRIES 'RED MURDER'

Fear has spread amongst the Arts Establishment that lefty councillors plan to desecrate their cultural shrine. ROB EDWARDS reports

MANY OF the thousands who will travel to Edinburgh for this year's International Festival — starting this weekend — could be forgiven for believing that the event was under a threat from the City's new Labour administration. Labour looked at the Festival — and waves of alarm spread that Labour councillors are a bunch of philistines anxious to replace artistic excellence with socialist propaganda. Soon, it is said, Mozart will give way to muzak and loud speakers will blare political slogans on every street corner.

This, of course, is fantasy. But it illustrates the problems that arise whenever Labour's new generation of highly committed activists touch the sensitive trappings of the Old Order. Trying to change any of the Establishment's deeply entrenched habits is no walkover.

Just as the Conservatives have always regarded themselves as the natural rulers of Scotland's capital city, so Edinburgh's establishment has blithely assumed the right to run the Festival, the City's most prestigious annual event. When Labour began querying this assumption soon after it first won control of Edinburgh District Council in May last year, ripples of panic broke out. Opposition groups, often aided by some of the media, began to emit scare stories about the Festival's future.

It was a predictable tactic. The Festival is merely one of the more prominent of a series of symbolic political issues on which the Opposition parties have chosen to focus, occasionally assisted by Labour's public relations gaffes. Others have included what the Lord Provost (Scottish equivalent of Lord Mayor) should wear, the colour of flags flying over the City chambers, and — more recently — the display of 'Edinburgh against Apartheid' signs at athletics events. As other controversial councils have found, such symbolic battles excite far more public interest than the crucial battle with the government over its spending plans.

All the fuss about the Festival, however, has generated a great deal more heat than light. Caricature and codes have replaced reporting. So the first thing to establish is that Labour has no intention of killing the Edinburgh Festival. Councillors recognise that it is an event with an international reputation; apart from anything else, it brings important revenue to the City.

Labour's main aim is radically to reform the management of the Festival. At the moment it is run by the Festival Society, which consists of 72 district and regional councillors and 183 'lay' members. The Society's governing body — the Festival Council, contains 21 members — 12 district councillors and nine lay members. The nine are elected by all the Society's lay members who are themselves chosen by the Festival council — an electoral process which, in the words Mark Lazarowicz, the chair of Labour's recreation committee, is 'more self-perpetuating than the Politburo'.

According to a dossier prepared by district council officials, the Society's lay membership is overwhelmingly male (84 per cent), old (mostly over 60), and representative of hardly anybody outside Edinburgh's powerful academic, financial and legal establishment. A large proportion of members attended private schools and Oxbridge and a significant number belong to the same Edinburgh club.

LABOUR'S AIM is to broaden the Society's membership by including more arts practitioners, trade unionists and community representatives, so that it could really begin to represent the people of Edinburgh. When it began to suggest this soon after it took office, the lay members of the Festival Council, led by its Deputy Chairperson, Professor James Dunbar-Naismith, came up with a proposal to limit the number of district councillors on the Festival Council to a third. The idea was clearly to remove the perceived threat of political control. No limitation had been suggested when the Conservatives ran Edinburgh.

Labour's response was to threaten to cut its £600,000 grant to this year's Festival. The Dunbar-Naismith camp took fright and agreed to withdraw its proposals and the grant was paid — the largest ever given by the Council to the Festival. Labour also agreed to withdraw a specific plan to increase the Society's membership by about 200. As a compromise a working party was set up which is now examining ways of changing how the Festival Society works.

The point of the constitutional changes sought by Labour is to ensure that the Festival becomes less elitist and more relevant to the people of Edinburgh. In practice this means increasing access to events by spreading them geographically, extending concessions and by opting for more popular (but no less excellent) events. The present Festivals director, Frank Dunlop, is keen to move in this direction, but there has been a serious breakdown in his relationship with Labour councillors. They regard him as a rather eccentric prima donna and have publicly hinted that he should resign.

On this issue at least, Labour councillors are confident that they will get their way, not least because next July the rotational election of district councillors on to the Festival Council, will give Labour a political majority. There is no doubt that if necessary they will use their power to force through the kind of permanent changes they would like to see. All being well the Festival could be improved not destroyed. □

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The last terrible secret of the Second World War.

We name the guilty men.

'Unit 731,' a new TVS documentary, uncovers the horrifying truth about Japanese germ warfare experiments on Allied prisoners, the doctors who perpetrated them and got away scot-free. 10.30pm, Tuesday 13th August on ITV.

TVS

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HUSH OR THE WORKERS WILL HEAR

Few people believe that if low-paid workers will work for even lower pay the economy will boom. Most of them head the Tory party. After looking at American growth last week, PATRICK WINTOUR looks at the government's tinkering with Britain's poor

SUCCESS IN America in creating new jobs has put the British government in a fix. For the growing evidence is that it is American public spending, financed by borrowing, which has created a demand-led expansion. This is exactly what the British government does not want to believe. So it turns its head from the facts, continues to make loud speeches about the need for workers to accept poverty wages and tinkers with the labour market in order to bring wages down.

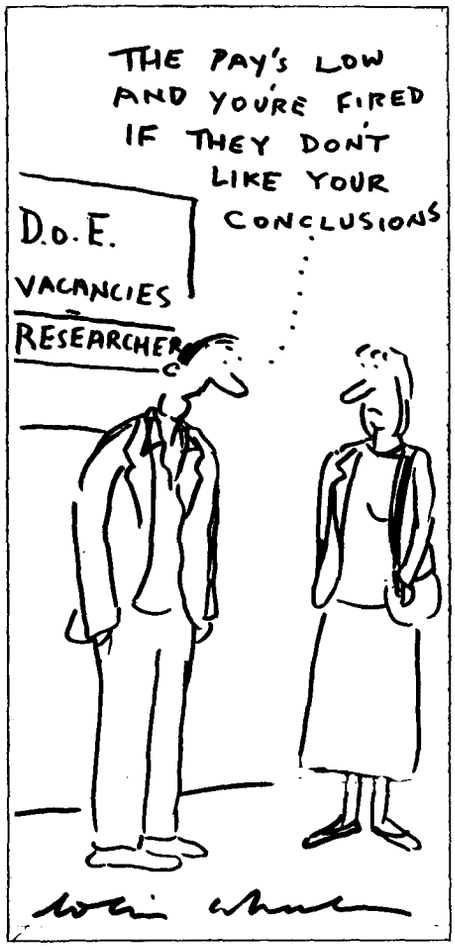
The government's first two moves have been the attack on unfair dismissal laws and the protection of minimum wages. To the extent that the government has an interventionist policy on jobs creation, this is it. In June, the government extended the qualifying period for unfair dismissal claims from one year's employment to two for adults in full-time jobs (workers in part-time jobs have virtually no protection against unfair dismissal anyway). Over a quarter of all men in full-time jobs and more than a third of women in full-time work now have no redress under law if they are sacked unfairly. Of around 250,000 workers sacked last year, at least 50,000 will have been employed for fewer than two years' continuous work.

This latest change is the climax of a gradual dismantling of the laws first introduced by the 1970-74 Conservative government. As a recent major study of the tribunal system comments:*

> The legal test of fairness which has been developed is concerned not with whether any employee suffered any injustice, but focusses on the conduct of the employer and asks whether it falls within the range of reasonable employer conduct. By subsuming the interest of employees in general under the 'needs of business' the interests of any individual employee in retaining his job can be overriden.

Nevertheless, Mr Tom King said after the new rules were announced this April: 'the risk of unjustified involvement with tribunals in unfair dismissal claims and the cost of such involvement are often cited as deterring employers from giving more jobs. This change . . . should help reduce the reluctance of employers to take on more people.'

Repeated surveys conducted for the government do not bear out this claim. In 1978 two researchers at the Policy Studies Institute, commissioned by the Department of Employment, surveyed 301 manufacturing firms and found that the major impact of the unfair dismissal law was not on the firms' propensity to hire staff, but the care with which they appointed employees. A year later two of the DE's own staff surveyed 300 small firms. Of the firms who had more work, but who had not recruited more staff, only 4 per cent cited employment protection as the reason. In the Burdens on Business survey recently conducted by the Department of Industry only eight of the 200 firms surveyed mentioned employment protection without prompting. (When prompted the number rose to 59.) A forthcoming study conducted for the DE, shows employers receive very few unfair dismissal claims. Publication of the research has been delayed by the DE.



The second main plank of the government's policy has been the radical reform of the wages councils which cover minimum pay for 2.75m part-time workers in 400,000 establishments. It is precisely in these service industries that, claims the government, jobs can be created. The government's consultative paper argues: 'wages councils interfere with the freedom of employers to offer, and job seekers to accept, jobs at wages that otherwise would be acceptable. A number of studies support the view that statutory minimum rates jeopardise employment'. As a result it has ended all wage protection for the half million young workers under 21 currently covered by a wages council.

Again the government's political assertions and its own research are at odds. Between 1974 and 1984 wages council pay rates fell in comparison with other rates, and by 1984 were only 65 per cent of the average industrial wage.

In recent weeks four government reports have been published on the specific impact on employment of wages council minimum wages. Three of the reports suggest that wages councils do not hinder job creation. A NEDO study on young people's pay in the distributive trades concluded there was no link between pay and jobs, a view borne out by a second study published by the Department of Industry's own survey of small firms which found that out of 19 listed burdens, wages councils ranked 16 in order of importance.

Probably the most substantial study is a survey commissioned by the Department of Employment on retailing trades prepared by the Department of Applied Economics at Cambridge University. The report was finished last year and concluded 'very few of the firms we surveyed volunteered the view that the level of pay on its own was an important determinant of their employment policy. It was their wage bill in relation to their ability to pay determined by the state of their trade to which they drew our attention rather than the level of pay *per se*'. In other words, it is the depression in demand the government should seek to 'put right' rather than 'high' wages as such.

Amidst much embarrassment and even more delay the government finally published the Cambridge study in May, having in the meantime quickly cobbled together its own report on the effects of wages council in the clothing industry which it published on the same day.

This report does argue that wages council minimum rates have contributed to the decline in employment in this industry. But the report has now been denounced by the author of the Cambridge study, Mr Paul Wilkinson. He points out that it shows that the earnings of men in clothing fell by 20 per cent relative to those in industries and services. Women's pay was 13 per cent lower. Nevertheless, employment in the industry halved over the period. As Mr Wilkinson asks: 'how much of a decline in pay should clothing workers have been prepared to accept?'

Not surprisingly the government's wages council abolition plans are rejected by the bulk of business and the Tory Party. Its partial measures on wages councils, limited so far to the young, represent a climb-down in the face of a public refusal to believe national economic recovery can or should be achieved on the backs of Britain's poorest. Its dilly-dallying might also be a victory for empirical study over ideology. □

**Dismissed: A study of unfair dismissal and the industrial tribunal systems by Dickens et al, (Blackwell, 1985).*

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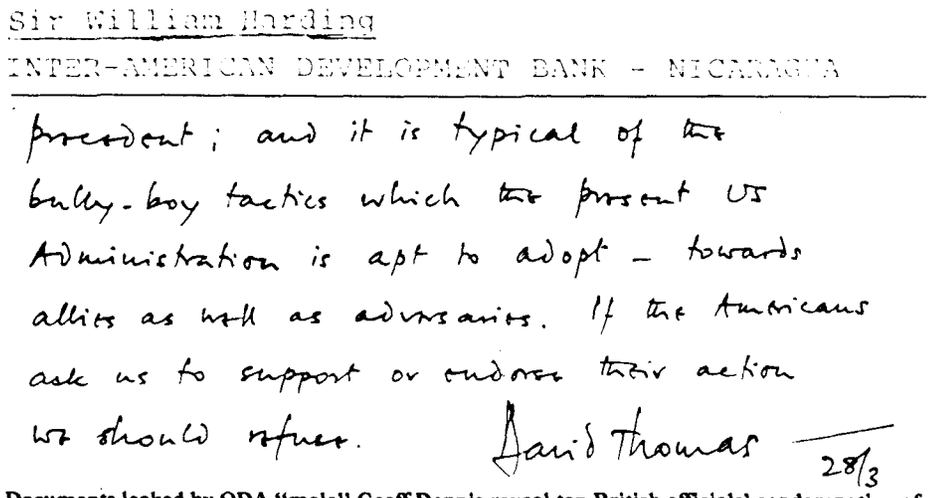
INVESTIGATION: DUNCAN CAMPBELL & Patrick Forbes

F.O. CONDEMNS "US BULLY BOYS"

SENIOR BRITISH government officials have condemned American actions to destabilise Nicaragua as 'bully boy tactics', 'heavy-handed' and downright 'economic sabotage', according to Foreign office documents obtained by the *New Statesman*. One Foreign Office official, working for an Executive Director of the Inter-American Development Bank in Washington, has also assembled comprehensive details of how US-organised terrorist attacks have apparently been co-ordinated with official actions to block loans in a devastating economic campaign against Nicaragua.



Sir William Harding

INTER-AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT BANK - NICARAGUA

precedent; and it is typical of the bully-boy tactics which the present US Administration is apt to adopt – towards allies as well as adversaries. If the Americans ask us to support or endorse their action we should refuse. David Thomas 28/3

Documents leaked by ODA "mole" Geoff Dennis reveal top British officials' condemnation of US policy in Central America. Assistant Under Secretary David Thomas (ex Ambassador to Cuba) is now in charge of relations with the United States.

The Under-Secretary responsible in the Foreign Office for the Americas, including the US, David Thomas, warned in March this year that 'American action [against Nicaragua] does offend against the principles of the IADB . . . it is typical of the bully-boy tactics which the present US administration is apt to adopt — towards allies as well as adversaries.' According to the confidential documents, both Thomas and Foreign Office Deputy Secretary Sir William Harding then advised the government that American behaviour had gone too far. 'If the Americans ask us to support or endorse their action (in refusing a loan to Nicaragua for overtly political reasons), we should refuse,' writes Thomas. Sir William Harding warned it could set a dangerous precedent.

In a briefing just prepared for UK MEP's on a fact finding visit to Washington, the Foreign Office claims that: 'Contrary to reports in the press the British Government is not blocking loans to Nicaragua'. This is quite untrue; the series of leaked documents from the Foreign Office and Overseas Development Administration make it clear that British officials have been instructed to oppose loans by international development banks to Nicaragua on spurious 'technical' grounds.

The documents are the latest to illustrate the dilemma of representatives of Britain inside the IADB. The bank was set up to provide long term economic aid to under-developed countries. Its executive staff are drawn from various governments. In private, British representatives accuse the Reagan administration of provoking a stream of 'highly questionable' actions inside the IADB. In a letter to London, Kevin O'Sullivan, an assistant to the Executive Director who represents the UK on the IADB, described the affair as an 'open scandal'. The Executive Director Taina Tervainen, herself appealed to Britain in March not to give in, and to heed Nicaragua's need for agricultural support.

O'Sullivan blamed the US government directly or indirectly for:

- The 'disappearance' of documents from bank files;
- Suppression of information, and deliberately misleading statements;
- Direct and unauthorised interference with the bank's committee meetings;
- A deliberate attempt to make Nicaragua fail to honour its debts;
- A co-ordinated economic sabotage campaign, in which terrorist activities backed by the US have been closely co-ordinated with political action in the Bank.

'External sources', O'Sullivan has warned the Foreign Office, 'are financing the sabotage of the economic infrastructure of Nicaragua. The same sources have sponsored the destruction of oil supplies which the Nicaraguan authorities have to import at the cost of convertible currency.'

The US is also trying to make Nicaragua default on its debts by cutting off new loans, despite the country's attempts to pay its creditors: 'Nicaragua . . . is making efforts to clear arrears with the IBRD (the World Bank) and the IMF. . . against a background of externally-financed sabotage', writes O'Sullivan.

After attending the IADB's Annual Governors' meeting in Vienna in March, the Permanent Secretary of the ODA, Sir Crispin Tickell, warned the Foreign Office that the US had breached the Bank's charter when it 'overtly invoked political considerations' to block the granting of an agricultural development loan to Nicaragua. 'The Americans' actions have aroused fairly widespread disquiet', Sir Crispin wrote, adding: 'There can be no doubt that the Americans are offending the spirit if not the letter of the charter of the Bank. Their heavy-handedness is everywhere resented.'

Nevertheless, Sir Crispin stuck to the British position, which is 'to find technical reasons for opposing . . . loans to Nicaragua, and thereby to keep our head well below the parapet'. 'Our position', he noted, 'is unheroic'. (In fact, bank officials describe the Nicaraguan agricultural loan as 'technically sound.')

AS A RESULT of the US political and economic sabotage campaign, Nicaragua has received no loans since 1983, when the United States first vetoed the late borrowing of a $2 million loan which had already been agreed. It then evidently backed terrorist tactics to subvert a $30.7 million loan for Nicaragua's 'Fisheries Rehabilitation Programme'. This loan was agreed in September 1983, after considerable (US created) delay. The US Chair of the bank's executive board then insisted on including in the loan agreement a clause requiring Nicaragua to agree adequate fuel for fishing boats, before drawing on the loan. This 'mystified' the board, but after 'acrimonious exchanges', he got his way and this unprecedented clause was included in the approved loan agreement.

Mr O'Sullivan's report to the Foreign Office explains what happened next: 'The following week saboteurs blew up the fuel depot in the port of Corinto, their single most effective blow to the Nicaraguan economy.' □

★

BBC: THE TRUTH

PUBLIC CRITICISM of the decision to ban the BBC's *Real Lives* programme by former BBC Director Sir Hugh Greene belies his own decision in banning Peter Watkins' documentary, *The War Game* 20 years ago. Now that the BBC has shown *The War Game*, it is important that the record should be set straight.

Last Wednesday on Channel 4 Greene stated 'I cannot imagine BBC boards of the past ever considering giving way to such pressure'. In banning *The War Game*, Greene yielded to precisely 'such pressure', albeit pressure more subtly channelled through BBC Chairman Lord Normanbrook. Greene's justification for the banning of the film seems equally at odds with the facts. Greene cited public alarm as the justification, but the BBC's principal concern was in fact erosion of support for the British nuclear deterrent.

In early 1965 the Home Office had expressed the hope that the 'supervision of the programme would rest at the highest levels',

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after receiving 40 questions from Watkins on Britain's civil defence preparations — most of which they declined to answer on the grounds of national security.

Accordingly, in September 1965, Greene and Normanbrook saw the finished film together. Normanbrook's response to the film was extraordinary: prior to showing it to the public, the BBC should share its editorial responsibilities with the government via 'soundings in Whitehall' that he would undertake.

On 5 November Normanbrook reported to Greene, after a series of meetings with senior civil servants, that ministers had been told about the film, did not want to see it, and would leave the decision as to whether to show it to the BBC. However, he added, 'it is also clear that Whitehall will be relieved if we do not show it.'

On 24 November the BBC announced in a press release that it had decided not to broadcast *The War Game*, 'the effect of the film has been judged by the BBC to be too horrifying for the medium of broadcasting.'

However Normanbrook had earlier written to Burke Trend, who had succeeded him as Cabinet Secretary, stating his central concern to be that 'the showing of the film on TV might well have a significant effect on public attitudes towards the policy of the nuclear deterrent'. Sir Hugh Greene's claim that past BBC boards would not have yielded to pressure is wholly misleading; *The War Game* was banned to preserve the bomb.

Additional research: Michael Tracey

★

EXCELLENT DEATHS

CLOSE LINKS with Ministry of Defence departments are claimed in an extraordinary brochure just produced by the Midland Bank, in an attempt to cash in on arms sales in Britain and overseas. Entitled 'In support of excellence', the brochure advertises the services of the Bank's new Defence Equipment Finance Department (DEFD), which offers 'support for both defence equipment exporters and importers worldwide'.

Its claims to special links are in part based on the man it pays as DEFD's Defence Advisor. He is John Shrimpton, formerly the senior army officer in the MoD's Defence Sales Organisation. Another adviser is Stephen Kock, whose distinguished pedigree includes service in the SAS and as political secretary to Ian Smith, Prime Minister of Rhodesia.

The booklet is illustrated throughout with tasteful, full colour pictures of animal life such as the Silky Lacewing moth, the Grasshopper Nymph, and a chameleon, rather than the modern defence equipment which destroys such creatures in milliseconds. A bank official explained that the designer had 'wanted to break away from the usual pictures of defence equipment, some of which would be classified . . . he selected a series of pictures of animals camouflaged against a background'.

They are poor camouflage for the Midland's intentions. Midland are hard-pressed by mounting losses at US subsidiary Crocker National, and have suffered from a decline in traditional trade financing. They now are financing military deals as a profitable new money spinner, and are offering 'flexible and imaginative financing' to military dealers. □

Decline and fall of the Great and Good

John Ellis

THE BBC Governors' craven collapse in the face of Leon Brittan's 'request' that they ban the *Real Lives* programme marks the end of an era in the British constitution. The BBC Governors have destroyed the political principle on which their very existence was once based: that of rule by 'the great and the good'. One of the more hidden Thatcherite principles has been the steady politicisation of the informal ruling class that has, for almost a century, staffed the major public bodies.

Since the Falklands fantasy, the Thatcher administration has been confident enough to contravene the basic principle that the composition of bodies like the BBC Governors, the Arts Council, the IBA etc is drawn from a list of eminent publicly-minded people who are not identified particularly with one political tendency. These great and good people serve on such bodies for reasons of public service rather than political self-advancement: they include the more *compos mentis* of the aristocracy, academics, business people, regional politicians, scientists, ex-trade union leaders and the like.

However, as the reconstitution of the Arts Council under Rees Mogg three years ago first demonstrated, the careful balancing of interests that used to go into composing such bodies has become a thing of the past. Now we have political appointees, nothing more, nothing less. The new Chairman of the BBC, Stuart Young, is such an appointee, and, like his vice-chair, a Conservative, in clear disregard for the previous bipartisanship. It is scarcely surprising that he and his Board saw no difference between their role and that of the government.

The press has adequately mulled over the 'what-ifs' of the affair: the Governors could at least have dared Brittan into using his statutory powers as Home Secretary to ban the programme, and then resigned on a major matter of principle. That is what the 'great and the good' used to be for: they were an informal ruling class who were drafted in to guarantee the freedoms and interests of particular sections of society against the blind urgencies of the government of the day. The system worked for so long, through a number of major crises and the militarisation of society in two world wars, simply because it was underpinned by a shared set of beliefs about the limits of civilised behaviour, and of the importance of democratic behaviour.

The BBC Governors have abandoned that consensus. Just as they were off on holiday, they were faced by a qualitatively new kind of problem: the Home Secretary appealing to them *in public* to ban a programme simply because his boss had taken a public stance against publicity for terrorists because *her* boss had had some trouble with some hi-jackers who had been reading manuals on how to behave on TV.

In the past, it's possible to conceive of the Governors discussing this as a matter of *principle*: the freedom of broadcasting to set its agenda without government interference. Past Boards of Governors would have been affronted by Brittan's peculiar behaviour in having published his letter immediately: as media manipulation, that takes some beating. But these Governors could see no principle involved for broadcasting: they just banned the programme and went off on holiday, undertaking vaguely to discuss it again when the government had cooled off.

It has to be said also that, even if past Director-Generals were off fishing at the time, their Governors would have encouraged them to return to pre-empt the whole row by a bit of quiet consultation at the Home Office. This is undoubtedly what Sir Hugh Greene did over the *War Game* affair, whatever he claims now. For the other crucial aspect of the 'great and the good' is that they go a long way to avoid rocking the boat in public.

So perhaps something has been gained here after all: Thatcher's policy of politicising the area of the 'great and the good' has had the result of producing a more open government in this area. Most censorship is a secretive process, where we can't see who took what position, where to apply pressure, what the issues really are. With the *Real Lives* case, the positions are clear: management is not supported by Governors, and can see no clear course; Governors have acted as an arm of government; government has acted according to its own political principles first enunciated a couple of weeks ago.

But in the longer term, we have to build a new system for guaranteeing the relative autonomy of journalism (and much else besides) in Britain. There never was an 'independence' as has so often been claimed for the BBC (the informal consensus ensured that), but there has always been a considerable degree of operational freedom, a relative autonomy of organisations in the public sector from the immediate demands of government. What is to replace this system? The Gaullist system of government broadcasting (only possible because of a strong independent cinema)? An Italian system of overtly political appointees, dividing broadcasting into territories staffed by clientèles? An American system of who pays, wins? And, accompanying these, a solidification of government into the hands of one party, requiring cataclysmic changes at all levels of public life if and when the governing party changes? For Thatcher's government has now pushed broadcasting right to the edge of the union on which it has been based. Perhaps the BBC Governors are to be thanked for having made this so starkly clear. □

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DIARY

Francis Wheen

Like a vigilante in a Michael Winner movie, the *Sunday Times* seems to have decided that the security forces are not up to the job of tackling the Provisional IRA and that it's time for the man in the street to take matters into his own hands. The man in question is Barrington 'Barrie' Penrose, the paper's eccentric 'investigative reporter'. In the past year he and his colleagues have been responsible for a string of preposterous and bizarre 'stories' about the Provos — the brouhaha about Evelyn Glenholmes, the risible 'revelation' that Sean MacStiofain was a British agent and the 'disclosure' that Martin McGuinness was the Provos' Chief of Staff. Last week Penrose and the *Sunday Times* engineered the row about the BBC's McGuinness film. This week they named Gerry Adams as the Provisional IRA's new Chief of Staff. A moment's thought, not to mention a few phone calls to Special Branch, will show that this 'scoop' is codswallop. (It's worth nothing, *en passant*, that the *Sunday Times*'s Northern Irish correspondent, Chris Ryder, rang the paper's office several times on Saturday afternoon to beg that his name be kept off the Adams story.) But it does have certain attractions, from the *Sunday Times*'s point of view not least that there's no danger that Adams will sue for libel: regardless of whether the story is true or not, no English jury would find in his favour. I suspect we shall see many more *Sunday Times* 'scoops' on Northern Ireland before the year is out.

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Incidentally, I was amused to see that one of the main sources quoted by Penrose in his article about Adams was described as 'a former IRA leader, Peter "Pete the Para" McMullan, who now lives in the United States'. As one man who has met McMullan told me, 'He was a very low-grade fellow from the Provo point of view. The idea that he was an "IRA leader" is laughable.' How odd, too, that McMullan now claims to have detailed knowledge of bombings allegedly planned by Gerry Adams in 1972 and 1977. In 1978, when McMullan gave himself up to the FBI in America, he was thoroughly debriefed by British officers from Special Branch and the Anti-Terrorist Squad; yet they made no move to arrest Adams on the strength of McMullan's information. In November the same year he was interviewed for two and a half days in San Francisco by two *Sunday Times* journalists; *not once* did he even mention Adams's name, let alone suggest that he knew anything about Adams's involvement in particular bombings. Most strange.

○

For many years right-wing papers have enjoyed themselves relating horror stories about nationalised industries' off-handed attitude to their customers; one thinks, as so often, of Bernard Levin's interminable diatribes against North Thames Gas. And of course it's true that outfits such as the Gas Board often are pretty unpleasant to their consumers. But it's also true that privatised industries behave just as badly, if not worse. Until British Telecom was privatised last November, my dealings with it had always been quite happy. Since then, however, there's been nothing but trouble. When we wanted a new phone installed last December, BT was thoroughly unhelpful and even started pretending that it had connected the phone when it manifestly hadn't. More recently we've been plagued by what are known in the trade as 'nuisance callers'. Yet again the exciting, go-ahead, privatised British Telecom has, effectively, told us to bugger off and leave it in peace. Will Bernard Levin take up the cudgels on our behalf? We shall see.

○

One day last week, without any warning, the house which backs on to ours was pebble-dashed. Why on earth do people still inflict this torture on perfectly blameless houses? Stone-cladding and pebble-dashing cause considerable structural damage, preventing brickwork from 'breathing'. They cause aesthetic damage, too: the house which was pebble-dashed last week is part of a charming 1930s terrace in Hackney described by Pevsner

as 'a nice oasis of Hampstead Garden Suburb cottages'. It's also in a Conservation Area. The local council told me that they 'regretted' the pebble-dashing but were powerless to stop it. If I might make a polite suggestion to Neil Kinnock it is that the next Labour government should introduce rules under which anyone who wants to put pebble-dashing or stone-cladding on their house will have to apply for planning permission first.

The other cause for alarm in our household last week was that the cats went off their food. Since they normally scoff anything put in front of them with a gusto that would put Lord Goodman to shame, we rushed to the vet. He diagnosed nephritis, an inflammation of the liver which (he claimed) is caused by dried cat food and can be fatal. 'No cat should ever be given dried food,' he told me. 'It kills them.' I was so surprised by this that I decided to check it with Bradley Viner of the British Small Animals' Veterinary Assoication. He agreed that it wasn't a good idea to feed a cat *entirely* on dried food, but assured me that 'there's no evidence that nephritis is caused by dried foods'. In other words, my vet had sent me into a panic for no reason. If I might be permitted one more suggestion to Neil Kinnock, it is that after repairing the damage done to the NHS he should have a long, hard look at the veterinary system. It might be an even bigger vote-winner than the clamp-down on pebble-dashers.

○

This winter I shall take up evening classes. Definitely. I tell myself the same thing every year. I buy a copy of *Floodlight*, the guide to classes in Inner London. And then the trouble starts: I'm spoilt for choice. I agonise and dither for so long that I always miss the deadline for applications. This year, I'm sure, will be no different. But I have at least weeded out some classes in *Floodlight* that won't be on my short-list. They include Afrikaans for beginners, Asphalt technology, Bee-keeping, Circus skills, Estonian dance, Escalator and lift engineering, Hieroglyphic writing and Refrigeration technology. Oh, and Chiropody. □

ROGER WODDIS

Bawd of Governors

'We need accurate and unbiased reporting about each other. We need the freedom to convey the facts through broadcasting.' — Sir Geoffrey Howe in Helsinki

When all the flames of hell are flaring
And She who reigns demands a slave,
The sound you hear of someone swearing
Is Lord Reith climbing from his grave.

His memory of the Strike still lingers:
'I well remember '26,
When Churchill blanched at my two fingers
And put away his box of tricks.'

Bring on a Terry or an Eamonn,
On whose dream topping torpor thrives;
And banish to the pit Paul Hamann,
Who dares to dabble in real lives.

What moves the first DG's descendants
Is freedom to convey the facts,
Though Auntie's view of independence
Is not a vision that attracts.

The Board may bare its bum to Heather,
But others yearning to be free
Deny the right of Lady Leather
To terrorise the BBC.

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US CONS JAPAN OVER A-BOMB

WALDEN BELLO, PETER HAYES and LYUBA ZARSKY on new evidence of nuclear lies, blackmail and near-misses in the Pacific

Radio Times Hulton Picture Library

RECENTLY DECLASSIFIED US military documents reveal that less than a decade after the horrors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, unbeknown to the Japanese the Americans were storing nuclear bombs in Japan ready for use as first option weapons in China and the Soviet Union.

Other newly discovered records confirm the recklessness with which the US threatened to use nuclear weapons in East Asia in the 1950s. They also reveal that the US came perilously close to dropping the bomb again in Asia on at least three occasions between 1951 and 1958. Given the confusion and contradictions in American war plans, a combination of political events — or a misunderstanding in the system of command and control — could have triggered a nuclear war.

At that point, nuclear weapons were being presented to the public as a last option deterrent. President Eisenhower, however, developed a new foreign policy replacing diplomacy with nuclear blackmail and with the real possibility of using nuclear weapons in local wars. He even exclaimed 'I see no reason why [nuclear weapons] shouldn't be used just exactly as you would use a bullet or anything else.'

This 'New Look' military strategy, as it was called, prompted eager commanders to spell out procedures for the use of nuclear weapons in battlefields. In June 1955, General Maxwell Taylor, then head of the Army's Far East Command, issued a lengthy directive called Standard Operating Procedures for Atomic Operations in the Far East (SOP). It is this document, revised in 1956 by Taylor's successor, General Lyman Lemnitzer, which has recently been declassified and which shows that Taylor planned to co-ordinate nuclear wars from a special Theater Joint Operations Center in Tokyo. This linked up with 14 other sites storing nuclear weapons in the Far East, including Okinawa, Iwo Jima, Korea, Guam and the Phillipines.

The Pentagon operated their nuclear warfighting system from Japan despite growing Japanese opposition to the 1951 US-Japan security alliance. Had the Japanese public known the full extent of the nuclear facilities, even the pro-US ruling Liberal Democratic Party in the Japanese Diet (parliament) might not have approved the revised security treaty in 1960.

> **'I see no reason why [nuclear weapons] shouldn't be used just exactly as you would use a bullet or anything else'**
>
> **President Eisenhower**

In the view of Edwin Reischauer, US ambassador to Japan from in the early 60s, an announcement about the secret stockpile of American nuclear weapons would have brought US-Japanese relations 'to a flashpoint'.

THE COLD WAR that simmered in Europe in the 1950s was an era of intense anti-communism in Asia. President Truman's strategy, codified in April 1950 in the National Security Council report, and later developed by President Eisenhower, committed the US to 'roll back' communism in China and the Soviet Union and to 'contain' political and social revolution in the Third World.

Asia was to be the testing ground for tactical nuclear weapons, a hitherto unreported study shows. General Douglas MacArthur was given a study commissioned by the US military and carried out by John Hopkins University Operations Research Group entitled *Tactical Employment of Nuclear Weapons*. It found that the 'Korean war offered an excellent opportunity for the study of tactical employment of atomic bombs.'

'Given the general disregard of life of Asiatics compared to Americans', the report noted, '[nuclear attack] might come to be accepted as a normal hazard of war.' MacArthur's forces didn't exploit potential nuclear attacks because — as the report pointed out — they were simply too ill-trained and ill-equipped. However, other recommendations in the report such as nuclear target practice during conventional bombing runs over Korea, were put into practice.

AS THE WAR in Korea dragged on, Eisenhower openly threatened nuclear war to extract Chinese concessions at armistice negotiations. A recently declassified record of a National Security Council meeting in May 1953 reveals how close Eisenhower came to dropping the bomb on China in one of two documented occasions in the '50s when the world was on the brink of nuclear war. 'Eisenhower's only real worry,' states the official record, 'was the possibility of Soviet intervention.' According to a history of the US Joint Chiefs of Staff, also recently declassified, it was British opposition which ultimately restrained Eisenhower; Britain was particularly worried that the Soviet Union would retaliate against Europe.

However, it was not long before the US was once again talking of fighting with nuclear weapons. *Operation Vulture*, designed to rescue the French from a humiliating defeat at Dien Bien Phu in Vietnam in 1954 involved dropping American nuclear bombs onto the Viet Minh. Unlike later incidents, though, in

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this case, the US deliberately leaked their plans in order to use nuclear weapons as psychological blackmail. It seems they were flexing their military muscles rather than actually planning to use the bomb.

Then in 1954 and again in 1958, the US were poised to actually use nuclear weapons against China over Taiwan. The second Taiwan crisis may well have been the closest call of the nuclear near-misses in the 1950s. Admiral Harry Felt, the Commander-in-Chief Pacific assumed that the United States would immediately drop nuclear bombs in a war with China. Indeed, in August and early September 1958, Felt's *only* war plan was to use nuclear weapons and had a full-scale war with China broken out then, he had no alternative strategy. Eventually, on 11 September, Felt came up with a non-nuclear strategy, after Washington had finally intervened five days earlier. In this case, nuclear weapons were nearly used because the chain of command was confused and because military momentum almost forced Washington's hand.

In his interview with researcher Peter Hayes, ex-ambassador Reischauer said that had news leaked of the US plans to use nuclear weapons against China 'that would have had a very big impact in Japan because that was exactly what they were most afraid of, that [the US] get ourselves into a nuclear war . . . It would have been deeply shocking because it was running such risks.'

EISENHOWER, OF COURSE, was constrained by the powerful demands of international diplomacy. These constraints did not operate in the field. In order to have enough flexibility for nuclear weapons to be used the Far East Commander was willing to relax centralised control: his subordinates were ordered to use nuclear weapons, even on targets which had not been approved, rather than let them fall into enemy hands. It has now emerged that if contact was lost with Washington in a war, the Pacific Commander in Chief enjoyed authority to use nuclear weapons — and that nuclear authority in such a case flowed all the way down to lower levels of command — right to nuclear bomber pilots.

In the late 1950s, Admiral Felt was in control of Pacific Command, based in Hawaii: his area included the whole Pacific Ocean as well as China and the Soviet Far East, incorporated into the General Emergency Operational Plan, known as the *Plan*. When Daniel Ellsberg, then a young military analyst, was sent by Washington to study the problems of command and control, he found the chain of command was unclear, with a frightening confusion about actual military targets.

Felt's part of the *Plan* still assumed nuclear weapons would be used at the *outset* of the war with China or the USSR. It treated them both as one country and since the targetting system for nuclear bombers was fully automated, it was impossible to separate attacks against one from the other. The only way to avoid attacking China in the event of war with the Soviet Union was to keep *all* of Pacific Command forces idle. But Ellsberg couldn't find 'anyone in Washington who had any idea that there was this kind of problem'. Yet had the 1961 Berlin crisis, for example, escalated to nuclear war with the Soviet Union, Pacific Command would have destroyed all the cities in China. It wasn't until the early '60s that Robert McNamara, then Defense Secretary, disentangled the Soviet and Chinese target lists.

Researchers do not of course have access to current military strategy plans. It can be safely assumed, however, that they are not so different from the 50s in their reliance on 'nuclear diplomacy' and the dangerous confusions in the chain of command. What *is* known is that the size of nuclear arsenals has increased dramatically — 53 sea-launched cruise missiles are already deployed in the Pacific and four Trident submarines patrol its waters. □

Bello, Hayes and Zarsky are authors of *American Lake, Nuclear Peril in the Pacific*, forthcoming, South End Press, Boston, Massachusetts and Penguin, Melbourne, Australia.

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□A High Street giant is coming down heavily on a shop selling little garden people — because it is called the British Gnome Stores. Bosses of British HOME Stores are not amused at the similarity. They have ordered owner Bob Taylor to change it or else, he said yesterday. — *The Sun* (George Moor)

□Health officials are keeping down the costs of heating a Midlands hospital by burning tons of pornographic magazines. Worcester District Health Authority is taking supplies of pornography seized by West Mercia police, with dangerous drugs and other rubbish to fuel a new incinerator boiler. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

NICARAGUA MUST SURVIVE...
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War on Want has received requests for help from women's organisations and cooperatives.

Since the Sandinista victory in 1979 life for most Nicaraguan women has changed beyond belief – women have gained access to healthcare, education, employment and the right to an equal say in shaping the country.

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I enclose a donation of £40 □ £15 □ £5 □ £____ for the Women in Nicaragua Container Appeal. Please tick for receipt □ I would like to join this CONTAINER CAMPAIGN and organise local actions. Please send me details □

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Please return to Room 5A, War on Want, Freepost, 1 London Bridge Street, London SE1 9UT (no stamp needed).

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RABBLE-ROUSER RABBI ROCKS LIKUD'S POWER BASE

SCOTT MACLEOD reports on the threat posed by a far-right party which is fast gaining ground

Jerusalem

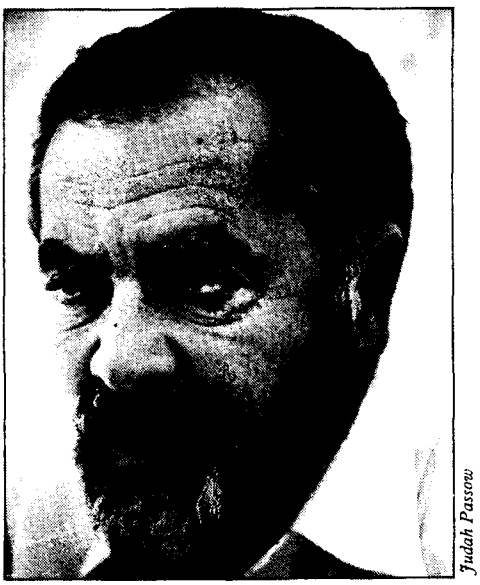
THE SPECTRE of an extreme right wing racialist party influencing, or even dictating government policy has come to haunt Israel. Concern is growing even among the right wing Likud party members after two recent incidents which appear to confirm the threat posed by the Kach movement, led by Rabbi Meir Kahane.

Three Jews from the Galilee town of Afula were murdered in late July, presumably by Arabs. After the bodies of the first two victims were discovered hidden in a cave, hundreds of militant Jews rioted in Afula, assaulting Arabs, smashing their shops and stoning cars bearing blue licence tags, the tell-tale mark of a vehicle registered in the nearby Arab territory of the West Bank, occupied by Israel since the 1967 Middle East war. When Kahane attended one of the funerals in Afula, and went to the police station to demand the release of those arrested in the Jewish rioting, demonstrators chanted, 'Kahane, King of Israel.'

A few days later, at a Jewish colony in the West Bank called Kiryat Arba, Kach delegates for the first time entered into a ruling coalition. An agreement announcing the coalition had Kahane written all over it: all Arabs to be fired from council employment; council contractors and local businesses to be boycotted if they continued to use Arab workers; strict observance of the Jewish Sabbath to be enforced.

KAHANE IS AN American who came to Israel in 1971. While in Brooklyn, he established the Militant Jewish Defence League, an armed and highly reactionary organisation. After failing three times, Kahane, representing Kach, won a seat in the Israeli parliament, the Knesset, in July 1984 with 1.26 per cent of the nationwide vote. He benefitted from a general shift to the right, first signalled with the emergence of Menachem Begin, leader of the Likud bloc, as Prime Minister in 1977.

One of Kahane's demands is for a restoration of Biblical Israel, a Jewish theocracy, governed not by the principles of Western democracy, but by the Old Testament. Recently he created an uproar in the Knesset by explaining his view that Gentiles are inferior to Jews. Fundamental to his programme is the expulsion of all Arabs from Israel. This would include the 700,000 Arab citizens of Israel, as well as the 1.3 million Arabs living in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip, where the Palestine Liberation Organisation seeks to establish an independent Palestinian state. After his election, Kahane proposed setting up a government office in the occupied territories to offer money to Arabs to emigrate. If they refused, Kahane says, they should be 'trucked out.' 'I'm a Jew, not a democrat,' he says.



Judah Passow

Kahane: 'Give me strength, I will take care of [the Arabs]'

Kahane's appeal — like Begin's — has been among young working-class Oriental Jews who harbour resentment toward Arabs because of bad experiences in their former countries, and who are — as a result of the more comfortable position of European Jews and the rising unemployment — in competition with Arabs for jobs. His following is growing: a poll this month by the Hebrew daily, *Ma'ariv*, said Kach would win five seats in the Knesset if new elections were held immediately. Tehiya, another extreme right-wing nationalist party advocating — like Likud and Kach — the re-establishment of Biblical Israel to take in the occupied Arab territories, appears to be gaining strength too. The poll said Tehiya could double its Knesset strength to eight seats, making the extreme Right likely key partners in a coalition government.

Ominously, young people more generally are attracted to Kahane. A study released in July by the Jerusalem-based Van Leer Institute contained a poll of Israeli teenagers. Eleven per-cent said they would vote for Kahane and a full 42 per cent said they agreed with his ideas.

BUT KAHANE IS an embarrassment to most Israelis, who disapprove of his thinking and fear it could rebound in a wave of anti-semitism. Israel's Attorney General and vice-President of Likud, Itzhak Shamir, says: 'Kahanism, which has become a synonym for racism, is a shameful, loathsome and dangerous phenomenon.' Israeli authorities — despite their own right-wing leanings — have taken extraordinary steps to curb Kahanism, perhaps the best reflection of the extent to which he is felt to be a long term threat. Kahane is banned from entering Arab towns, lecturing in schools, broadcasting on state media and submitting proposed laws in the Knesset which are based on racist precepts.

By far the most severe measure was the Knesset's vote on 1 August to bar racist candidates from seeking election — a move aimed squarely at Kahane but which he will undoubtedly circumvent due to its vagueness. This, like the other anti-Kahane regulations, may simply perpetuate Kahane's self styled image as a fighter.

In his campaign advertising last year, Kahane demonstrated his bellicose crudeness. In TV spots blood was shown dripping on a tile floor as the names of Jews allegedly killed by Arabs were called out. Then Kahane, a short bearded man, declared: 'Give me the strength, I will take care of them.'

WHY KAHANE? Why now? Simplistic solutions have an allure in a country beset by so many major crises: the disastrous war in Lebanon and the 1,000 per cent inflation to name but two. Support for Kach comes at the political expense of Likud. The traditional Right has been in decline since the retirement in 1983 of Begin, for many years its fiery leader, and the ascension of an uninspiring steward in his place.

Kahane capitalises on other circumstances. Government propaganda has it that the PLO was destroyed by the invasion of Lebanon. Kahane has a solution for what many see as the new Arab threat: terrorism committed not by Arabs coming from outside, but by those living within. Because of these circumstances and the momentum of support for the ultra-right whipped up by Kahane other right-wing figures in Israel are also gaining ground. The 25 anti-Arab Jewish terrorists convicted in July had the support of many who feel that the authorities are not doing enough to stamp out Arab attacks — and that the far Right should therefore take independent action. Ariel Sharon, who many people thought (or more accurately, hoped) would disappear from the political scene after the Beirut massacre, is once again accruing power. Now trade and industry minister, he also sits on a high flying committee reviewing the death penalty for anti-Jewish violence. Sharon is far more popular within the Likud than Begin's immediate successor, Shamir, and may yet become the head of Likud.

Fundamentally, of course, the rise of extreme views, like the increase in Jewish terrorism, is an inevitable consequence of Israel's determination to occupy lands — absorb them, really — against the wishes of the indigenous population, and the inability of the security forces to stamp out Arab resistance. Likud, Kach and Tehiya rule out territorial compromise as part of a peace deal with Arab states.

The present Arab-led effort to engage Israel in peace talks, a move backed by the United States, is therefore likely to fail. Likud, worried about being outflanked by the far-far-Right, will want to stand firm against peace talks which may ultimately require territorial compromise under American pressure. □

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LETTERS

Let me speak on immigration

Roger Scruton, Salisbury Review

While your correction of the article on Honeyford by Miss Jacobus does something to exonerate me from her accusations, it does not enable your readers to judge quite how dangerous such misrepresentations can be. It seems to me that a small and densely populated island cannot survive as an independent state without restricting immigration. It also seems to me that immigrants are under an obligation to accept the basic ground-rules from which local traditions of legality derive.

It also seems to me that schools are under an obligation to introduce children, regardless of their origin, or of the culture of their parents, to the basic principles, expectations and store of knowledge of the society which surrounds them. Of course, all three of those propositions could be wrong; and nobody denies that the detailed workings of policy in this area are extremely delicate. However, the situation has arisen where anyone who expresses the view that I have outlined is called a 'racist' by such as Miss Jacobus, and referred to in print as though he had the outlook and the mentality of a Hitler or an Idi Amin.

Let me say merely that I think as I do because I should like to see a society where race does not matter — a society which, despite the disparate origins, skin-colour and affections of its members, remains peaceable, equitable and free under a rule of law. The problem posed by immigration is a problem that everyone recognizes — and nobody more than those who suspect the indigenous British public of being 'racist'. It is therefore vital that we should be able to discuss it openly, and that views which we judge to be wrong should not be dismissed as the sign of some intolerable moral defect by those who happen to disagree with them. Most of all, it is important to be charitable, and to allow that someone may speak about immigration and not be referring to race.

Beeb row inevitable

Nick Wall, Derwent College, University of York

Francis Wheen said that the BBC's ban was 'predictable'. It was more than that: it was inevitable. In November 1971 in the face of government pressure BBC chairman Lord Hill wrote that 'as between the British army and the gunmen, the BBC is not and cannot be impartial.' The previous year BBC Northern Ireland had 'opted out' of showing a *Panorama* programme which included interviews with relatives of six people killed in Belfast.

Despite disagreements within the BBC, new rules were in force very soon after Lord Hill's letter giving the BBC management an unprecedented degree of control over programming decisions. Northern Ireland was singled out as a special case. Any programme on it (not only news and documentaries) had to be double-checked before broadcasting. In addition, the IRA could not be interviewed without prior authority from the editor of news and current affairs. There could be no question of doing the interview first and seeking permission for broadcast afterwards.

In practice, these rules extended the arm of the government, giving them scope to review any potentially 'offending' items, discuss them over dinners with BBC executives, and start up a campaign long before they are due to be broadcast. So whenever anything does appear that is mildly critical of the British or sympathetic towards Republicans (the *Tonight* interview with Bernard O'Connor in 1977 is a good example), the BBC are immediately vilified as helping the IRA's cause. For every film that is made there are 20 others which aren't simply because of this explicit censorship.

Huntin' and shooting

Charles Nodder, British Field Sports Society

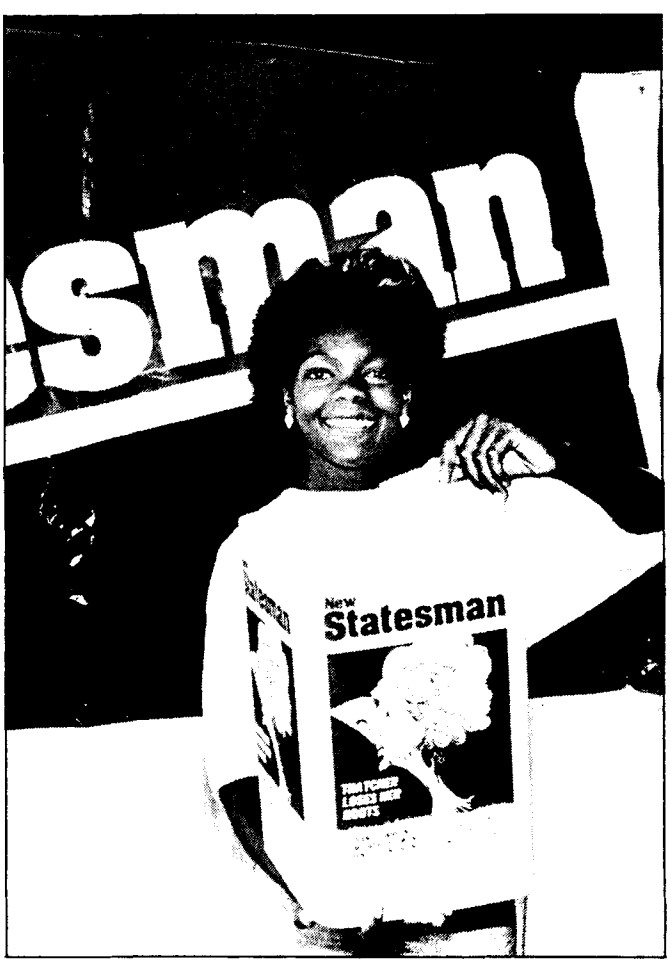
The report by Brian Wilson (*Deerkillers Take Over*, 19 July) will have caused mirth in many a highland hunting lodge. Its very title implies that land management of the Scottish Highlands for sport, principally deer stalking and grouse shooting is a new development. How, one wonders, did all those Edwardian shooting parties once seen embarking at Euston and Kings Cross occupy themselves once north of the border if all they found was a farming industry?

The fact is that stalking and shooting have been essential to the economic development of these barren areas for decades. The total expenditure on stalking in Great Britain in 1981 was £4.4 million (Cobham Resourse Consultants) and the

Another kind of FEEDBACK

Right: Michelle Daniels picks the first name in our Subscribers' Prize Draw. All UK subscribers on our records at the end of June were included and the first prize of 150 bottles of wine goes to Kevin Campbell of Glasgow. E Kempe of Halesworth, Suffolk wins the second prize, a Dawes 'Londoner' bike worth £250, and sets of Chic Pix postcards, worth £4.80 each, are also being sent to the following:

M Nightingale, Liverpool; **E T Connolly,** Liverpool; **D E Spilsbury,** Birmingham; **B Warner,** London; **A M Benedek,** London; **Dr A McEvoy,** Newcastle Upon Tyne; **R Davis,** Chichester; **F Dawson,** Salisbury; **Ms T E Perkins,** Leamington Spa; **R Golborn,** London; **P J Garrity,** Bury; **R P Cass,** Clwyd; **J Cole,** Clacton On Sea; **Ms G Starke,** London; **Mrs J Friedeberger,** London; **T Borthwick,** London; **G Woodall,** London; **W H B Young,** Newcastle Upon Tyne; **Dr M Ivanovich,** Oxford; **Mrs V M Goffin,** London; **K Sard-Wima,** Epsom; **G & K Tillman,** London; **D Hayward,** Canterbury; **A Maswoswe,** London; **B Gilby-Nupe,** Edinburgh; **E M Monckton,** Bristol; **R Macintyre,** Argyll; **S L McClelland,** Co Londonderry; **E Fuller,** Sutton Coldfield; **C Adamson,** Walsall; **C Best,** London; **R Morrow,** Salisbury; **D Vickerman,** Gailey; **C Hawkins,** Hemel Hempstead; **W Whittle,** Oxford; **E Atkinson,** York; **M C Smart,** Hull; **H Lentell,** Nottingham; **A M Glasspool,** Winchester; **Mr & Mrs Freeland,** Southampton; **L Goodacre,** Manchester; **L Murdoch,** Matlock; **S A Tucker,** Ramsgate; **J Hoskyns,** London; **D Loppert,** London; **J M Turner,** London; **C A Scott,** Forres; **J Wellis,** Belfast; **J D Soutar,** Salisbury; **J Timmins,** County Antrim; **J A Lopez,** Glasgow; **S Hayes,** Maidenhead; **A Collins,** Glasgow; **D F Maguire,** London; **M Swinson,** Scunthorpe; **A S Gordon,** London; **M H Rowland,** Stafford; **M Brailey,** Glasgow; **L J Guggenheim,** Halesowen; **B Gordon,** London; **L S Keller,** Bedford; **E Else,** Maidstone; **M Fisk,** Rhondda; **S A Reiners,** Chorleywood; **Dr A Murray,** Portsmouth; **Bill Reid,** Oban; **K Glennie,** London; **R Whitmore,** Trowbridge; **D W Brown,** Belfast; **M Sachs,** Perth; **D Relf,** Oxford; **S Muller,** Nottingham; **L Naughton,** Crawley; **J A Petrie,** Aberdeen; **C Alderson,** West Drayton; **Royal Norwegian Embassy,** London; **A Wadge,** London; **S Osborne,** Studley; **J Martin,** Glasgow; **S Harper,** Birmingham; **V Bhatt,** London; **R S Jenkins,** Bradford; **M J French,** Dartford; **H K Bhabha,** London; **J McGuiness,** London; **D Croft,** Bradford; **Mr & Mrs Threlfall,** Huddersfield; **L R Bennett,** Dyfed; **A C Mathias,** London; **C D Abrahams,** Beckenham; **W R Rennie,** Edinburgh; **R Jeffryes,** London; **E Wilson,** Bridlington; **M N Brampton,** York; **E Self,** London; **B Jackson,** Marston; **M Palmer,** London; **C N Miles,** Bexley; **W Michael,** Glasgow; **S Ahmed,** Manchester.



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expenditure on grouse shooting probably five or six times that figure. Direct employment generated in the Highlands from these enterprises runs into several thousands, not to mention the spin offs of a thriving tourist industry.

Brian Wilson's suggestion that much more of the Highlands could be used for agriculture or forestry with better economic results is naive. The land quality is simply not up to agricultural development — why else would sporting estates sell for just £50 per acre? Furthermore, with forestry the employment provided is minimal except during planting and felling.

There has not been much 'life on the land' in the Highlands since the great clearances. Then the crofters were cleared to make way for sheep. The sheep in turn became uneconomic and were replaced by deer forest and grouse moor. Until the economic factors change again these will remain.

State intervention in the media

Paul Mercer, Hinckley, Leics.

In attempting to prove alleged press bias, Paul Foot (*NS* 26 July) cites the *Sunday Express* report on the murder of an Asian family. Because it failed to suggest any racial motive (despite the lack of direct evidence), 'it reported the death badly'. Yet the *Morning Star* (15 July 1985) — which ignored the murder of the 'rebel' miner's wife altogether — also reported the Ilford incident without suggesting that it might be the work of racists. Similarly, like the *Mail on Sunday* (which he also appears to condemn), it too quoted some who thought that it might have been a case of mistaken identity.

A more rational explanation for this apparent bias is that of market forces. It is sad, but a fact nevertheless, that the majority of newspaper readers in Britain are more interested in the possibility of NUM-inspired victimisation of working miners and their families than the plight of an Asian family. If he is arguing that both cases should have been given equal prominence, then the answer must be to change public attitudes rather than the state (under the guise of a 'democratic institution') prescribing how and at what length issues should be covered in the national press.

Ban musak now!

Jenny Gould, Newton Abbot, Devon

Christopher Priest's article, 'Given excess of it', (*NS* 26 July) perfectly expressed my own resentment about being forced to listen to other people's music, whether neighbours' radios, stereos, TV, or restaurants' and other shops' music. I feel so strongly about this subject that I have been wondering whether a national campaign — on the lines of the anti-smoking lobby — might be started.

As Priest indicates, people are generally reluctant to complain verbally; so why not have two types of cards printed, one saying 'Thank you for not playing piped (any) music' (which could be gratefully handed over in those restaurants that still hold out against this appallingly widespread trend) and the other, announcing one's objections and suggesting management reconsider its policy. Restaurants who supported the scheme could display an appropriate sign outside, and managers would be able to assess their customers' feelings more accurately. Handing out cards need not be confined to restaurants, of course: hairdressers and clothes shops offend as frequently.

Women's sexuality 'seen' by men

Jean Hill, London SW7

I really cannot allow to pass Christopher Meade's comment in his review of Jeffrey Weeks's book *Sexuality and its Discontents* (*NS* 19 July): 'If women believe it is preferable to stamp out porn than to worry about being seen as "anti-sex" that's their choice, but the cost of it is real.'

Women have been 'being seen' by men, and having men interpret their sexuality to them for quite long enough. My sexuality does not need pornography and may well be damaged by it. If men choose to 'see' this as 'anti-sex', I think that is their problem rather than mine.

Mr David Jeremiah and James Wellwood

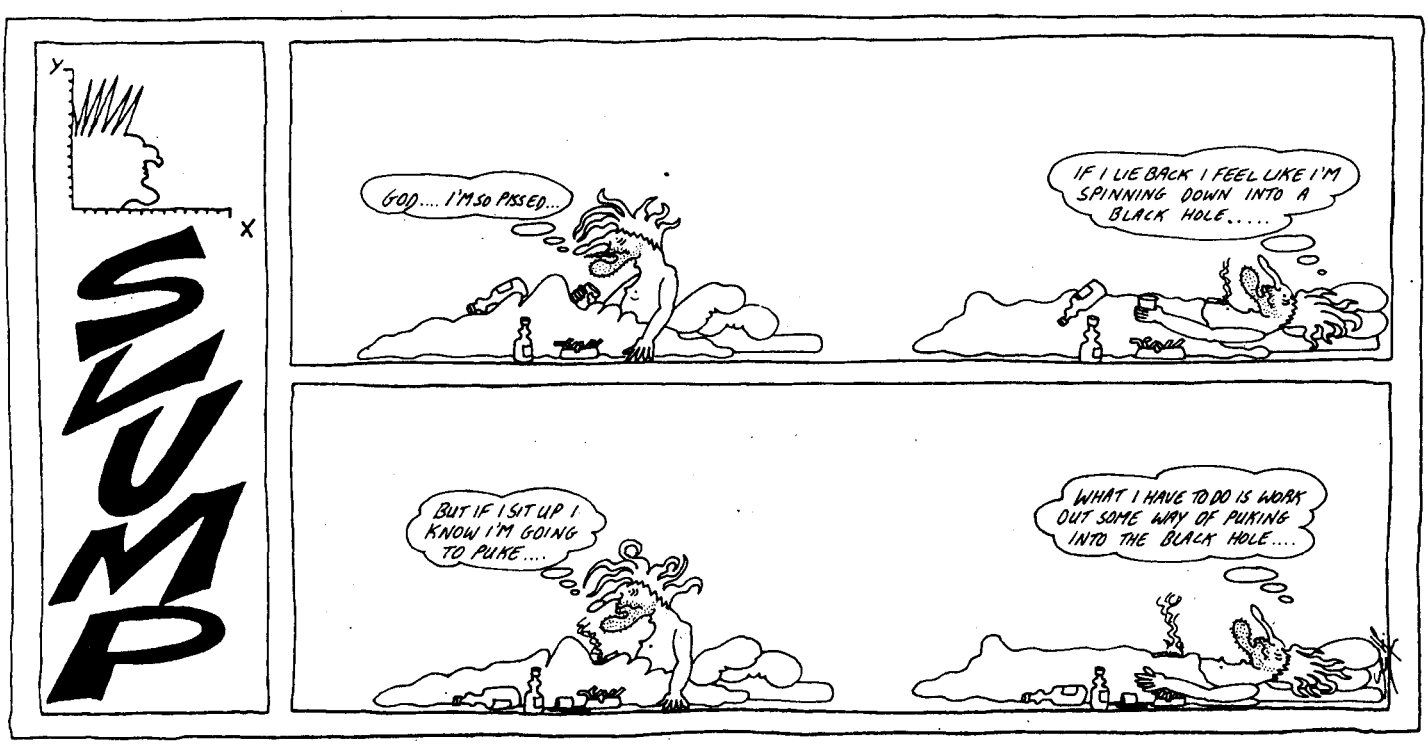
Two news items in the *New Statesman* (18 November and 30 December 1983) mentioned the votes recorded by Mr J. D. Jeremiah and Mr J. M. Wellwood, both of whom are consultant surgeons and members of the Waltham Forest District Health Authority, on motions to close two NHS hospitals in the Waltham Forest area.

The first suggested that the District Health Authority was tightening up its code of conduct because Mr Jeremiah had applied to buy shares in a private hospital group, which would gain business from NHS cuts, and had then voted for closure of a NHS hospital and nursing home in the area without disclosing his interest in the closure.

The second suggested that both Mr Wellwood and Mr Jeremiah should have disclosed a financial interest when voting for the closure of the Jubilee and Forest Hospitals because they could each have benefitted from the closure by an increase in their private practice at the nearby Holly House Hospital, as well as by virtue of their applications for shares in the independent private hospital group.

It has since been pointed out, and we entirely accept, that at the relevant times the District Health Authority was not tightening up its code of conduct, that neither Mr Wellwood nor Mr Jeremiah had any continuing interest in any private hospital group and neither of them concealed any interest which should have been disclosed. Both men voted in favour of closure, a course which had been recommended by the District Management Team, as the best way to meet the restrictions imposed on the Authority's budget. We accept that, in so voting, they acted solely out of consideration for the best interests of the NHS.

We apologise to Mr Jeremiah and Mr Wellwood for any contrary impression which may have been given. As a mark of our regret, we have agreed to pay an appropriate sum of damages to each of them and to pay their legal costs.


Y
X
SUMP
GOD.... I'M SO PISSED...
IF I LIE BACK I FEEL LIKE I'M SPINNING DOWN INTO A BLACK HOLE.....
BUT IF I SIT UP I KNOW I'M GOING TO PUKE....
WHAT I HAVE TO DO IS WORK OUT SOME WAY OF PUKING INTO THE BLACK HOLE....

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Susan Downing

SURVIVORS OF GUILT

In the week when those who experienced the bomb in Hiroshima and Nagasaki speak of what it meant, JULIA PASCAL interviews three people who spoke at the recent Spiro Institute conference on surviving genocide in the last world war.

Ron Baker

PROFESSOR Ron Baker is a tall, jovial man with a pronounced Lancashire accent. Today he is Visiting Professor at the London School of Economics and his flat vowels betray no hint of his true origin. His parents were Polish Jews who lived in Berlin where he was born Rudi Ashheim in 1933. His father a milliner, was deported to Poland in 1938, joined the French underground in 1940, was caught a year later and sent to Auschwitz. His mother remained in Berlin while he and his older brother went to Holland to be fostered by different families.

The Germans invaded Holland in May 1940 and Ron Baker was one of the last to escape, on board a Chinese junk which was dive bombed as it left port. He remembers people hurling themselves off the quay in a vain effort to reach safety. Most of them missed. After a week the junk docked at Liverpool and Baker became one of the 11,000 European children to find refuge in Britain. His mother ended up in Montevideo where she survived by sewing mail bags. His father and brother died in the Auschwitz gas ovens.

In England, Ron was adopted by the Bakers, a Salford Jewish family. He felt isolated in the alien culture. 'Part of my need to be acknowledged as a *mensch* (a somebody) resulted in my becoming more English than the English. I had to deny my past, both as a German and a Jew. You have to remember what it was like here during the war'. He gained his Anglicisation and acceptance through sport. Representing Waterpark Jewish Youth Club he played table tennis for Manchester, Lancashire and England. 'I was number one for years but for me it was much more than table tennis. It was a way of sublimating my fury. Part of my survival behaviour. If I hadn't had sport I might have killed somebody'.

The Bakers gave him early employment as an apprentice mattress maker in their failing business but there was little affection between him and his new family. 'If I was listening to a concert on the radio, they'd say "turn off that bloody rubbish" and if I was reading a book, as far as they were concerned I was "showing off".' There is still anger in his voice. He found a father figure, a tailor called Sam Million, and a self-educated man, who introduced Ron to philosophy. 'He asked me to accompany him to an extra-mural course at Manchester University. I didn't understand about 95 per cent of what I heard, but it sowed a seed. Sam taught me that everything *can* and *should* be questioned. Study, reason and self awareness offer the freedom to make choices. There are no dogmas'.

I note that he always calls his adoptive parents *Mr* and *Mrs* Baker, never mother and father, mum and dad. 'Yes it's true', he admits, 'I never call anyone mother, not even Paula (his biological mother) after I was re-united with her. I hadn't seen her for 17 years when that happened and then

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making connections was difficult'. He chose to make connections with other 'displaced persons'.

'I wanted to become a psychiatric social worker after reading of it as a career option in a pamphlet produced by Her Majesty's Stationery Office'. But the only way to qualify at that time was through a university degree and, as far as he was concerned that was out of the question. 'It was either for the very rich of the very brilliant and, in my view, I was neither'. He instead qualified as a mental nurse and a State Registered Nurse.

BUT THE HMSO career pamphlet remained in his memory. Through a correspondence course he got to Leicester University in 1960. There is obvious pleasure on his face as he describes his acceptance. 'All my life I felt "you are nothing, you will never be anything" but being accepted changed all that.' It was at this point that his adoptive parents became ill. Mr Baker died, Mrs Baker contracted leukaemia and then had a stroke. He tells an anecdote which marks the change from angry refugee to caring adult. 'Mrs Baker was in hospital and she wouldn't take food from anyone but me. She said, "All these *schwartzer* nurses they're trying to poison me".' He pulls a face but still manages to sympathise. 'She also suffered from disassociation but of a physical kind. She was paralysed on the left side and every morning she complained. "These nurses every night they put someone's arm into the bed and all night I keep throwing it out but in the morning, they've put it back".'

Since Leicester, his life has been wholly concerned with mental health and child guidance and of course this relates directly to his own experience. He has not gone through therapy so I wondered if religion had helped him? 'No I'm an agnostic', he answers, 'I have been since my barmitzvah'. We talk of how some Jews feel betrayed by a God who allowed their slaughter while others see it as a punishment for assimilation. He cannot bring God into the debate. There is no religious or mystical meaning to the holocaust. Only a rationalist explanation.

His marriage at least, was a highly rational symbol of reconciliation. For 25 years he has been happily married to Karin, the daughter of a non-Jewish German, who came here after the war, another refugee. His empathy with the displaced has meant active involvement with the World Refugee Council. 'I went to the UN and visited a Palestinian refugee camp on the West Bank. It made me think about the Lebanon invasion of 1982. I think this happened because of Israel's survivor mentality. It is a country which has internalised the holocaust experience and is working out its unresolved anger on others.' He was invited to give a paper at an Israeli conference on genocide in summer 1982 but refused to go as a protest against the war. Does he believe in a Jewish State? 'I'm not a nationalist. I'm not a Britisher and I'm not a Zionist. But I do see a need for a Jewish State. As an interim measure. But ultimately survival will not depend on national States. I'm talking about human survival not just Jewish survival'.

Ron Baker appears to have worked out his experience as a survivor. He is now preoccupied with what distinguishes survivors, individuals and nations, from those who have never faced their own, impersonal extinction.

Individually he thinks many survivors are 'workaholic,' driven by the knowledge of the concentration camp system where 'if you didn't work you were dead'. He dislikes crowds — even Live Aid — which 'evoke memories of storm troopers'. But perhaps the most widely noted of survivor emotions is guilt. He agrees. 'It's taken me a long time to forgive myself for living when my father and brother died'. He talks of going to Germany to meet his wife's relatives and thinking 'What the hell am I doing here, these people murdered my family?', but his anger changed when he heard what happened when the Russians came. 'It was at this point that I began to consider the viciousness of human behaviour', he recalls, 'after all the Germans are hated all over Europe where they killed between 30 and 40 million people. I've transcended my need to hate but it hasn't been easy'.

IN HIS work for The World Refugee Council Ron Baker links his own past with contemporary issues. On a visit to Israel's holocaust memorial, Yad Vashem, 'I saw this tiny shoe in a glass and felt so overwhelmed. I couldn't stop crying', he says. 'The next day I was in a Palestinian refugee camp in Nablus and I saw kids with no shoes and the connection hit me'. But despite this work he still feels, 'there's a dead centre in me caused by early abandonment and the loss of identity. My history is one of being pushed from one place to another. In 1981 I had to return to Europe from Australia because I wanted to get back to my roots. Arthur Haley and Arnold Wesker are on the ball about that.' Is the dead centre he mentions to do with grief? Bruno Bettelheim writes of the problem of suppressed grief which resurfaces later in life.

Baker recognises the problem and widens it to a contemporary issue. 'I've been the Official Evaluator of the Vietnamese experience for the Home Office. These recent refugees have seen relatives, even children, raped in front of them on the boat and they've been unable to do anything about it or they'd have been killed. They had to bury their rage. They also had to bury their grief because when people died on the boat there was no time to mourn. In traditional Vietnamese culture there are ancestral graves. A child is responsible for cleaning the parental bones, polishing them and returning them to the tomb; it's a way of mourning and continuing a tradition. Today, elderly Vietnamese without relatives living here are terrified of death because they know there is nobody to clean their bones. We were fighting to open up the country more to allow survivors in and re-unite families but Thatcher kept them at bay'.

Yet whatever the common experience of surviving a tragedy that arbitrarily destroyed other races, there are differences. At a recent conference on survival held by The Spiro Institute, he observed the distinctions between the Jews, who were uprooted, and the Japanese who were not. 'For Hiroshima and Nagasaki victims there is a desire to turn away from the past and start afresh whereas with Jews there is a compulsion to re-examine it and understand it in the hope that it will never recur'. Why does he think the attitudes of these two groups are so different? 'Perhaps because the Jews never felt guilty about causing their own death', he says. 'They knew that what was happening was unjust whereas the Japanese felt a measure of guilt for starting the war'.

Emi Kazuko

EMI KAZUKO is a Tokyo journalist who used to work for ICI. She agrees with this analysis. 'When Nitza Spiro asked me to take part in the conference I was embarrassed', she says, 'I didn't know much about the bomb and then I became aware of the accusation by others that we Japanese have done very little work to prevent the nuclear build-up. We don't do as much as the Jews in trying to educate people'. I wonder why. 'Perhaps it's to do with our national character and partly because we felt it was some sort of divine retribution for starting the war. I never felt any rage against the Americans because what we did in starting war was a criminal act and this was our punishment. Also the Jews were murdered on race grounds and they still have that fear within the diaspora because it could happen again. But we didn't get bombed *because* we were Japanese.'

The bombs that have only ever fallen on Japan have not made them a nation of nuclear disarmers 'Ideally I'd like nobody to have the bomb but I think NATO has to have it as a deterrent otherwise there's always this fear if others with a different political attitude have it and you don't. Sadly, I think both sides should have it'.

We talk of the sense of shame

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experienced by many of the bomb victims. 'It's like an inferiority complex', she says and, after much reluctance, tells me the story of one of her schoolteachers who had a wound on his neck which refused to heal. 'We pupils guessed the reason and asked him directly. He said that yes he'd been hurt at Nagasaki. There was a terrible sense of disgrace and silence in the class'. She talks of how the Japanese people felt they 'lost face' at Hiroshima and again she relates this to her strong views on national character by talking of a friend whose father died in South Africa when a post fell on him. His wife flew out to retrieve the body. When asked if she wanted to sue for damages she was shocked. She wouldn't consider claiming because it would look as if she were getting blood money and she would 'lose face'. (I am reminded of Ron Baker who also refused German reparations.) Emi Kazuko talks about the film 'Children of Hiroshima' which was shown at the conference. It tells the story of a grandfather who was burnt badly in the bombing and, unable even to beg a living, committed suicide rather than be a financial drain on his family'. This Eastern culture of stoical humility seems wholly at odds with the Western reaction of direct and unforgiving rage. Emi remembers her attitude to American soldiers after the war. 'Even after Hiroshima and Nagasaki we welcomed them. I never thought of them as "atomic-bomb-droppers".'

If-we-are-punished-then-we-must-be-guilty seems to be a common Japanese response and whether this arises out of what Emi Kazuko calls 'national character', out of guilt at starting the war or a mixture of both is a question for debate. But she too contrasts it with the Jewish experience. 'What the Jews suffered didn't occur out of nothing', she says, 'to some people they were a nuisance. Maybe they dominated the economy'. For her, then, there isn't an absolute distinction between Jewish innocence and Japanese guilt. 'If we Japanese had experienced what they did, we would think "we must have done something wrong." The Jews lit the match and it became a flame'.

Amongst campaigners for nuclear disarmament there is clearly disappointment at the relative silence from Japan's political leaders on the bomb; an expectation that Japan would take the moral lead in opposing its use. At the survivors conference, says Emi Kazuko: 'One man accused Japan of spending too much time making money rather than leading the world on morality but for us it's a war of economics, we are a very busy people, we don't have much time. I think Jewish people are already very rich and have the time but we are not'. There is a curious correlation here between morality and the acquisition of wealth.

Hugo Gryn

FOR SOME survivors, the threat of extinction is a wholly moral issue. It is for rabbi Hugo Gryn, whose experience of survival is very direct. He was born in Czechoslovakia in 1938. 'Our community was fleeced first by the Nazis and then rounded up and taken to Auschwitz', he says. All his family were exterminated. He survived by saying he was 19 although he was only 13. Boys under 18 were automatically gassed. His 40 year old father pretended to be 35 and stayed with his son until he too was murdered. Hugo Gryn went through a series of camps in the Mathausen network. How did he survive? He shrugs.

'Chance. Nobody really knows the answer to that question. If he says he does then he's either an idiot or a liar and I like to think I'm neither'. Was it faith? 'Yes. I had the utter conviction that *I was not guilty*. After all when you're in prison it looks the other way'. But how was it possible to keep faith in God when it seemed as if God had abandoned the Jews? He responds angrily. 'the question is about man not about God. It's about civilisation. About humanity. Humanity dethroned God and set up its own idolatory'. Is he able to forgive? 'People have willed me to say that the Jews should forgive', he says, 'I understand what their request is about. I preached on the topic at Coventry Cathedral on 8 May and asked "how can anyone who survived that experience have the largesse to forgive those who murdered. That's the realm of God." The impulse to do evil is in all of us'.

In Hyam Maccoby's book *The Sacred Executioner* he crystallises the idea that the Nazi holocaust was the pay-off by the Christian world for the crucifixion. Rabbi Gryn quotes his own example. 'When the Chief Rabbi of Nitra, a Czech town, asked the Archbishop of Nitra in 1942 to intercede with the head of the Slovak state to stop the transport of Jews he replied, "Not only will you be deported but there you will meet death and this is your just reward for killing our saviour". He smiles. 'What Jesus would've said, that's another story'.

He came to Scotland in 1946 with the help of the Jewish community. 'The British government agreed to let 1,000 under-16s come here but they could only find 731'. He worked on a farm near Edinburgh then in 1948 he went as a volunteer to Israel. 'This was my heroic gesture', he says self mockingly. 'But all that happened to me was that I caught jaundice'. He then went to the US and studied with Leo Baeck at Cincinnatti. 'A lot of survivors feel it's not enough just to survive, you have to achieve something important. I came to the conclusion that if I was a rabbi then I was going to be a teacher of Judaism where I could contribute something to the *whatness* of that survival'.

Does he feel guilt? 'Yes. I ask myself "how come I survived when people whom I know were better people didn't." I was talking about it at a lecture last week with Bruno Bettelheim and someone challenged me and said that maybe it wasn't all chance. So I told him of how when a prisoner tried to escape and failed, they lined us all up and took every tenth person in line to be gassed. So I said to this man, "come on, be a bit clever".' I wonder what he feels about Ron Baker's premise of Israel as a survivor country? He answers by considering the Six Day War. 'What really happened was the Nasser, who was employing many Nazi aides at that time, said he wanted to throw the Israelis into the sea. Israel's friends said "oh come on, don't worry, this is excessive language". But what Nasser probably went to his grave not realising was, that from now on Jews take those excesses seriously because the son-of-a-bitch may just mean it'.

He notes this was as the watershed in the world's attitude to Israel. 'They couldn't cope with the fact that Israel won. They wanted the victim situation to continue. This was the point when the USSR broke off relations. The Jew as victim is all right but the Jew who wishes to be in charge of his or her own destiny is unacceptable'. I am reminded of another survivor who told me that Europe for him is a graveyard. Gryn replies, 'My fantasy is that England is not really in Europe'.

But England is not only in Europe. It currently leads Europe in its defence of nuclear weapons and its cold war rhetoric. Nuclear war 'haunts me, it haunts all of us. I feel very unsafe. Auschwitz was an example of how technology can be harnessed to evil. With nuclear weapons the stakes are much higher. The question is — do you ally yourself with the forces of good or evil? I take the argument that since the outcome of a confrontation cannot be won by either side, at least if you are a unilateralist, you save yourself from the business of degradation'.

To understand the reality of genocide, its terrible impersonal and relentless nature is impossible for those who have never faced its threat. For those who have, the meanings derived from it will be as various as the political cultures of our age, the only age which has had to face up to the possibility of total extinction. Perhaps the one thing held in common is a need that Hugo Gryn mentioned: the individual need to give testimony, to bear witness in the arena of human affairs. □

Julia Pascal is a writer and theatre director.

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The divided self

Jon Cook

Doubles: Studies in Literary History
KARL MILLER *Oxford* £19.50

Cliff Harper

THE CONCERN to define what is modern goes back a long way: according to recent scholarship, at least as far as the 5th century AD when the Latin word *modernus* was used to distinguish the contemporary culture of Christianity from the pagan past. Since then the term or the idea has been used repeatedly to try to make clean cuts in time. In the 18th century, enlightenment intellectuals distinguished their own modernity from the religious superstitions of the Middle Ages. In the 19th century the Middle Ages were rehabilitated as part of an attempt to prove that 18th-century reason was dangerously anachronistic. Then in the early 20th century there was an aesthetic modernism which castigated the artificiality of 19th-century literary forms. Today some people, in a new twist to the game, describe themselves as post-modernists or even post-post modernists. Our confusions are such that we find it difficult to describe ourselves confidently as modern. Terms proliferate around the modern — 'pre-modern', 'early-modern', 'post-modern'— and, as they do, there's an increasing suspicion that this may be a game not worth playing.

Although he doesn't make many explicit references to the modern, Karl Miller's book is an ambitious attempt to describe the modern element in literature. He finds it in a rhetoric of stealth and flight, of soaring and falling, in a fascination with orphans and victims, in the manifold forms of the double. The origins of the rhetoric and the fascination go back to Shakespeare and the romantic flights of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or *Romeo and Juliet*. These take on their distinctly modern shape in the late 18th and early 19th century when Keats dreams of being a nightingale and James Hogg encounters the damnable attractions of the double in *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*. The fascination persists but has its intense periods in the late 19th century and in our own time.

Predictably, the history of the double is not a story about one thing. In Miller's work it refers to classic tales of the divided self: Hogg's *Confessions*, Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, Conrad's *The Secret Sharer*. Here the double acts out repressed desires, usually of a violent kind but also to do with fantasies of escape from duty and responsibility. The provenance of these stories is dark and Gothic. In the case of Hogg and Stevenson, imagination is powered by a fascination with the doctrine of anti-nomianism: God's grace is such that it exempts his chosen few from obedience to the moral law. Criminal acts testify not to evil but to the power of God's grace. Rebellion found a divine sanction and, in the figure of the double, extremes meet ambivalently: the double is either one of God's chosen few or the devil incarnate.

But there is more to it than that. According to Miller, the double is subject to the law of multiplication. What is distinctively modern is not just duplication but reduplication, not just two selves but many. Keats is the early hero of the multiple or protean self. His doctrine of 'the poetical character' proposes that the great writer is able to identify with everything and is, therefore, without a fixed identity. As with the doubles of Hogg and Stevenson, this power is linked to a transgression or at least a disregard of moral law. 'What shocks the virtuous philosopher delights the camelion poet.'

The discussion that starts with and leads away from Keats is among the best things in Karl Miller's book. He traces the echoes of Keats's language in Eliot's *Four Quartets* and finds the Keatsian myth, the orphan poet consumed by impossible longing, at work in Dickens's novels where it is uneasily mocked. The attention given to Keats and his influence in the history of literary culture points to a general feature of the argument implicit in *Doubles*. Keats is an ambivalent figure in many respects, not least in his standing within the official canons of literary excellence. His early reputation, hailed as a genius of the new poetry and condemned as an upstart cockney poet, anticipates subsequent embarrassments about his work. One of the strengths of Miller's book is not to shy away from such embarrassments in the name of good taste or discretion. He can see the combination of sublime language and greedy infantile desire in Keats, and finds parallel ambivalence in Dostoevsky, where psychological insight co-exists with an infantile desire grown into a desire for infants, and in Edith Wharton, where social critique joins with incestuous fantasies about fathers and their daughters. Miller reminds us that it is the function of modern literature to give us shocks in the safety of our own armchairs.

The book does not patrol the established boundaries of literary taste. Miller brings neglected works and forgotten figures to our attention: William Sharp, for example, whose female alter ego, Fiona Macleod, wrote Celtic tales while he pursued his manly career of letters. The history of the double goes across boundaries of nation as well as gender. Miller's version of romantic sensibility is cosmopolitan and includes discussion of works from Scotland and England, Russia and the United States. Many of his chosen authors are cultural travellers who find in duplicity a means of coming to terms with different systems of value symbolised by their cultures of origin and destination: Henry James, for example,

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mediating between the United States and Europe, or Conrad rehearsing his guilty departure from Poland in stories about romantic young Englishmen who go to sea.

Doubles is a big book and, like the literature it writes about, can both soar and fall. There are some passages of biographical information and plot summary which do nothing to advance the enquiry. Some central figures in the history of duality, like Coleridge and Carlyle, are pushed to the margins and some classic works of the divided self, like Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*, are not even mentioned. But these are minor reservations, given Miller's achievement in writing the history of a modern literature of yearning and transgression which constantly rehearses the very desires it seeks to contain. □

FICTION

Horror stories

Grace Ingoldby

The Spectacle at the Tower
GERT HOFMANN *Carcanet* £8.95
Fire from the Ashes
Shueisha Press/Readers International £8.95 & £3.50
Road Lines
CHRIS OULD *Deutsch* £8.95
The Devil's Looking-Glass
SIMON REES *Methuen* £8.95
Love is a Solitary Game
ESTHER TUSQUETS *Calder* £4.95

GERT HOFMANN'S **The Spectacle at the Tower** is set in Dikaiarcheia, a desolate and unpleasant little spot. X and his wife, already on the point of separation, are forced to spend the night in this poor, apparently almost empty and miserably squalid Sicilian village when the transmission 'goes' in their car. What happens in their 20 hours in this neighbourhood of 'perishing theatricality' is horrifying because it is not quite beyond belief.

Dikaiarcheia is very grim, a place without tourist potential, its tragedies rendered superfluous because no outsider ever witnessed them. 'They don't know what a guest is,' exclaims X, but the village supervisor, a fat and sweaty man in a black coat, necktie and crimson sash, knows exactly what a guest is and gets his hooks into this unsuspecting and unhappy couple straight away. For the supervisor has studied the 20th-century public, a public brutalised by over-exposure, a public without imagination, spoiled, demanding, a public which needs to see personally, to touch, hear and smell, and the spectacle at the tower is all his own idea. A spectacle that is original and that can't be copied, an idea to bring the money in, an idea that will turn Dikaiarcheia into a veritable tourist trap.

Relentlessly the supervisor 'talks the tower into the middle' of the couple's lives; in this blazingly hot and awful place he stages, among other things, a demonstration against death so that, after just one night in the village, X and his wife are emotionally and physically drained, rendered incapable of protest. 'And I set about composing a long, as it were inescapable sentence containing all our terror and horror . . . a sentence to coil about the supervisor's neck,' thinks X — but finally yawns, says nothing much at all. This is an extraordinarily striking novel, tense, horror with a breeze of humour, almost embarrassingly honest and frank. The landscape, 'the pointy faces' of the people in the processions are brilliantly evoked. Hofmann won the 1982 Alfred Doblin prize for the novel; deservedly so.

The imagination is supposed to balk and stall at the obscenity and destructive capability of nuclear weapons but, in **Fire from the Ashes**, stories about Hiroshima and Nagasaki, simple words and metaphors perform quite well enough. The crazy iris blooming out of season, a body floating near its stalk; the doctor who 'doesn't know how to treat his patients'; the unrecognisable faces quite simply 'puffy, swollen and black'; the air 'which had a greenish glow. The kind you see in pictures of hell'; everyday phrases, 'ripped to pieces', 'torn apart'. Several contributions come from A-Bomb survivors and there is a gentleness of tone 40 years on which sounds very much like prolonged, profound shock. How cowed the victims were is simply put by Masuji Ibuse when his characters panic as the sky is filled by nothing more sinister than burning paper: 'Conditioned as we all were by the fear of air raids they appeared to us like some terrible new weapon'.

Chris Ould's first novel **Road Lines** describes a Britain ten, 20 years on, where the towns have become 'brown and lifeless round the edges like lettuce', the lines have been drawn between 'the haves and the have-nots' and where, since 'The Troubles', the fences have gone up. Containment Zones, 'conzos', keep the unemployed, fractious have-nots or 'conzies' in their place; breakers, freelance bounty hunters, are paid by the government to get them if they run. This breaker's story is written in raunch-speak — 'I killed the engine/mashed out my cigarette' — but the atmosphere on the motorways, in the conzos, among the runners and breakers is nonetheless authentic and gripping. The breaker Carl with his souped-up Jag has a Robin Hood streak that he just keeps in check and his search for a gun runner's killer, involving much frantic driving, knifing, gunning down and the sort of punches that make people slump and go green, keeps the reader both happy and hooked.

Men can be devils and, to Wiston, the villain of Simon Rees's **The Devil's Looking-Glass**, a summer vacation in academe seems just the time and the place. Across the college courtyard, dons Thomas and Born are having a little harmless fun: Born, a willing guinea pig, lies in a state of semi-consciousness on his sofa, a state induced by lowering sensory input to a trickle (Thomas has improvised using halved ping pong balls, sticky tape, headphones and a red light bulb). Born drifts, Thomas attempts telepathy, both record Born's hallucinations in their diaries, things are going rather well. Wiston, motivated by the usual grudges which inspire academic conspiracies — jealousy, boredom and the arts man's hatred of the sciences — decides to intervene. Fully conscious and gruesomely well-versed in the blacker arts he gets Born alone and fills his head

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VIKING

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with devilish things: stories of Kelly the soothsayer and Dee the Elizabethan astronomer-magician and the devil's looking-glass.

If Wiston the scholar represents corruption, Born is innocence and Thomas the Welsh scientist, with his grubby white Ford Escort complete with rear-window dancing dice, is everybody's fool. Rees orchestrates events to a deadly little climax, his tone is cool and menacing, making this a successful and interesting first novel.

By contrast 'the first sexually explicit novel from Spain', Tusquets' **Love is a Solitary Game**, is profoundly dull. This is a tale of a sticky-licky triangle: Ricardo, 'grubby longings', young, spotty and devious; Elia, a rich married woman in her thirties 'discontent and enormously bored' (and enormously boring); and Clara, young, pure and in love with Elia. The whole is peculiarly unerotic and not even funny when the three of them end up in bed together after what seems a very long time. □

Crime sheet

M. H. Ryle

Humanizing Hell! Nuclear Weapons and the Law
GEORGE DELF *Hamish Hamilton* £6.95

PEACE protesters who cut through the Greenham wire or refuse to pay their taxes sometimes invoke the defence that individuals must obey their conscience when it is in conflict with the law. George Delf sets out to show that this line of argument is too timid: the nuclear state itself should be in the dock, since any use of nuclear weapons would plainly and grossly breach the principle of non-combatant immunity, most basic and least controversial of the international laws of war.

Delf gives a detailed (albeit untidy) account of how these laws have been applied, especially at the Nuremberg trials, and of how their principles have been written into the military doctrines and manuals of many states, including Britain. He also cites explicit confirmation from the International Committee of the Red Cross that no pretence of evading them has any legal worth: should a nuclear war happen, 'the instruments of international humanitarian law remain entirely in force and do produce their full legal effects'. So much for the reservations by which the USA and the UK — the latter represented by David Owen, as Labour Foreign Secretary — claim to have excluded nuclear weapons from the provisions of the 1977 Geneva Additional Protocol.

Some local CND groups are now laying indictments against the government (mostly under the Genocide Act). The material collected in *Humanizing Hell* will help establish the legal and historical background to this campaign. Beyond this, the book memorably chronicles how, amidst war's licensed slaughter — even in Vietnam, even in the Nazi armies in the USSR, international law has strengthened the consciences of some few individuals and kept them from becoming accomplices in the worst barbarities. But there is a sobering insistence that the Nuremberg trials, crucial in establishing the primacy of international over state law, were *also* a piece of theatre, flattering the conscience of the western Allies by ignoring the manifestly criminal bombing of Dresden and Hiroshima. Universal in principle, the law has remained partial in application. The struggle to make it generally effective must cross frontiers and unite morality and politics, grappling with the paradox which Kant remarked: 'It is surprising that the word *law* has not been entirely banned from the politics of war . . . This homage which every state renders to the concept of law (at least in words) seems to prove that there exists in man a greater moral quality (though at present a dormant one) to try and master the evil element in him.'

Delf's subject, then, is full of interest and importance. Unfortunately his presentation suffers from poor organisation, repetitiveness and an over-rhetorical prose cluttered with inept metaphors: good editing could have made this a shorter and far better book. There are more substantial weaknesses, too. The pro-deterrent argument (that nuclear weapons are never to be *used*) requires fuller and more formal refutation than it gets here. I dislike the occasional implication that the notions of reason and objective truth are somehow themselves symptoms of nuclear sickness. And does the author's own full-time activism really justify his scorn for peace movement supporters who 'spare only a few hours for the nuclear issue'? He is right, however, to remind us that mere acquiescence in everyday 'normality' has before now made ordinary citizens into the accomplices of international crime. □

Shadow in the sun

David Edgar

Year of the King
ANTONY SHER *Chatto* £10.95

IN HER ACUTE history of *The Royal Shakespeare Company*, Sally Beauman argued that the motor of the company's Shakespeare work was no longer the directorial concept but the actor's experiment; that in round about 1970 the locus of energy had shifted irreversibly from the study to the rehearsal floor. Evidence that the Decade of the Actor has been extended well into the Eighties is provided in Tony Sher's *Year of the King*, in which that excellent performer chronicles the creation of the most universally acclaimed British Shakespearean performance of the last 15 years. In fact, the shape of the 1984 Stratford season (presently being reproduced at the Barbican in London) was both negatively and positively defined by the exercise of Performer Power. The decision of old RSC hands Alan Howard and Ian McKellen not to return to Stratford forced the company's attention towards a new generation of actors — not only Sher for Richard III, but also Ken Branagh for Henry V, Roger Rees for Hamlet and Ian McDiarmid for Shylock. Starting with the offer of 'the character actor's Hamlet', Sher's book then details the complicated haggling over complementary parts in the rest of the season which left him in lonely isolation in a single — albeit massive — role.

The generational shift that has taken place at the RSC is on the surface a peculiarly significant one, in that for the first time the leading Shakespearean parts are being taken by actors who learnt their crafts not so much in the drama schools and provincial reps, but in the maelstrom of the alternative theatre of the late Sixties and early Seventies, crackling with experimental ambition and sizzling with polemical zeal However, apart from the odd murmur about over-democratic directors, Sher is not concerned with the political or aesthetic avant-garde. (In this, he's different from his near-contemporary Simon Callow, whose *Being an Actor* is much occupied with the contradiction between his underground past and his overground present — it might be mentioned in passing that the tendency for actors rather than directors to burst into print confirms the Beauman Hypothesis.) Rather, as befits an actor who has worked with the naturalist director Mike Leigh, Sher's project is to chart, in impressive, lively and often very funny detail, the gradual assemblage of the physiology and the psyche of a 15th-century psychopath: from visits to playgroups for disabled children to the great debate over The Deformity (is it scoliosis or kyphosis or just plain polio).

Like Callow's book, the *Year of the King* is appealing partly because of the light it sheds on the strange, bloody, passionate but oddly calculated business of building another person within the shell of the self (and I speak as one who has been privileged to work with both of these performers). There is particular illumination, in this most soliloquied of parts, in seeing how Sher treats his audience: he is excited by the notion that Richard isn't talking to people who will be shocked or outraged by his admissions, but rather to eager students, 'a convention of trainee Richard the Thirds'. The book is also peppered with felicitous if occasionally partial pen-portraits of the various actors, technicians, drivers, dressers, directors and, yes, dramatists who cross Sher's path on the road to Bosworth, and with actual portraits too, as the author's own sketches illustrate the text, veering in effect from the killing to the chilling.

Only one of the drawings seems to miss the mark: *Richard III*'s director, Bill Alexander, is shown as an unlikely (and indeed almost unrecognisable) cross between the RSC's joint chief Terry Hands and the well-known athlete and philanthropist Mick Jagger. But then Sher's book is all about roles and masks and disguises — Richard as kindly uncle, as simpleton, as sex-symbol, Spanish bull and unbottled spider. Why shouldn't he do unto others what he has done, with such triumphant success, to himself? □

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Shorter reviews

Face of Hiroshima: A Report
ANNE CHISHOLM *Cape* £9.95 & £4.95
The Hiroshima Maidens
RODNEY BARKER *Viking* £9.95

In 1955, 25 badly scarred women from the city of Hiroshima went to the US for plastic surgery. The practical results, as far as the women's injuries were concerned, were mixed; some responded better to surgery than others, while one died on the operating table. But the case of the Hiroshima Maidens, as they became known, was a controversial one. It raised many of the questions about the role of private acts of charity in the face of human disaster that recently surrounded Live-Aid, with the added irony that the women received their treatment from the country which harmed them in the first place.

Their impact on many Americans was powerful, perhaps none the less so for the showbiz way in which their suffering was presented — two of the women appeared in silhouette on American television on *This Is Your Life*, along with the Japanese clergyman who had befriended them and the co-pilot of the plane which dropped the bomb on Hiroshima.

Sufficient money came in to pay for their expenses in the US and to leave some over for use in Hiroshima. But many people were unhappy about the trip. Other scarred women who had asked to go were left behind. Men, and victims from the other bombed city, Nagasaki, were not even considered. Although the State Department opposed the trip, the Americans benefited from a reduction of the antagonism towards them in Japan when the women expressed their genuine gratitude for their treatment.

Both books contain horrific and compelling accounts of what happened to the women when the bomb dropped. They show that the suffering did not stop there: the way in which the survivors were shunned and mocked is immensely distressing, as are the descriptions of botched attempts at plastic surgery in Japan.

Rodney Barker's book is the better-written, but Anne Chisholm includes more direct quotation from the women themselves. At that level, which you prefer will depend on whether you want a good journalistic account or the raw material of the women's own experience. Chisholm's book makes a much greater attempt to grapple with the political and moral dilemmas raised by the story of the women; although she is not entirely successful, her picture is more rounded than Barker's.

Joan Smith

Mailer: His Life and Times
PETER MANSO *Viking* £16.95

Clearly inspired by Jean Stein's *Edie*, Peter Manso reconstructs Mailer's life entirely through other people's words: excerpts from over 150 interviews occasionally augmented by secondary materials. Only two of Mailer's six wives contribute, however, while confirmed adversaries like Gore Vidal and William Styron also go unheard.

Arguing that recollection is prone to error and fabrication, Manso juxtaposes 'multiple versions of a single event, taking as the truest the approximation woven by all. . .there is more truth in a montage than in a monolith'. Admittedly, Mailer's recurrent involvements in personal, literary and political controversies have yielded a daunting body of apocrypha; but this still represents an abdication of the biographer's responsibility at least to suggest what the facts probably are. In any case, such approximations are elusive when accounts directly conflict, as they sometimes do here.

As a biographical record, Manso's book ranks behind the one published by Hilary Mills in 1982, though it does correct some minor inaccuracies perpetrated by her. The montage style produces a jerky, tangled narrative, while oral testimony proves a less reliable means of imparting precise detail than traditional methods. The multiple versions of the notorious incident where Mailer stabbed his second wife, for example, leave the vague impression that he went free after she refused to press charges; consulting Mills reveals that, nevertheless, he received a suspended sentence and probation. On the other hand, the book does evoke marvellously the tumultuous atmosphere of the social and professional worlds in which Mailer has operated, invariably adopting the highest profile, since *The Naked and the Dead* shot him to prominence in 1948: the triumphs and disasters, marriages and divorces, alliances and feuds, causes and scandals. Particularly entertaining is the vigour with which Manso's sources reopen old wounds and settle old scores: teeth sink into assorted backs, punches thump home below various belts. The sharpest darts are rarely aimed at Mailer since, among the interviewees, admirers outnumber detractors and are usually ready to excuse or forgive his excesses; the most faithful apologist, unsurprisingly, is the subject's devoted mother. Even so, the Mailer who emerges is unquestionably The Abominable Norman, egotist supreme, a great talent who (to paraphrase Gore Vidal) comports himself as though he has no talent whatsoever.

David Montrose

Plum Bun
JESSIE REDMON FAUSET
Pandora £8.95 & £4.95

Plum Bun, the second and most highly regarded of Jessie Fauset's four novels, was first published in 1929. This rather innocent opening statement must, however, be immediately qualified, given the times we live in.

The author, who died in 1961, was not only a woman but black. She was also an American. In other words she has become, quite unexpectedly, a going concern. There is money to be made in 'rediscovering' black American women writers, which is one better than merely being a black American writer. The question of literary worth seems almost irrelevant, not to say frivolous. We are required to bow our heads in silence as we contemplate the Awful Facts. In the process the black American woman writer — who can't simply be a writer — is turned into some kind of freak, before whom we are required immediately to suspend our normal, everyday critical faculties the better to gape.

But *Plum Bun* is a thoroughly ordinary novel, written by a thoroughly ordinary writer. It concerns the adventures of a 'coloured' woman who, because of her fair skin, can pass for white. Attempting to do so in order to secure a higher standard of living, she moves from Philadelphia, where she is known, to New York, where she is not known. In the process she is effectively forced to disown her sister, who is dark, and generally humiliate herself. Eventually the strain becomes insupportable, she confesses all and discovers true happiness. This theme is not particularly original in terms of black American literature, from William Wells Brown's *Clotel* (1853) to Nella Larsen's *Quicksand* (1928). In addition, the prose is no more than passable and the twists and turns of the plot are frankly improbable. It is, in fact, no better or worse than any number of novels published every year: some sell well, some badly; all are quickly forgotten.

Adewale Maja-Pearce

The Tax Raiders: The Rossminster Affair
NIGEL TUTT *Financial Training* £10.95

This is the tax avoiders' government: those of us who didn't know what was going on at the time can now begin to appreciate the significance of the Rossminster affair in the 1970s. It was ominous that so many prominent Tory politicians were involved (John Nott provided 'consultancy', Peter Rees QC gave counsel's opinions, Tom Benyon MP was a director, Peter Walker used the company for financial advice).

A Tory government committed to tax cuts for the rich is, in a sense, continuing Rossminster's activities by other means. All Conservative politicians like to quote, with an air of shocked disbelief, the fact that marginal tax rates under Healey's chancellorship were 98 per cent. Benyon says: 'A lot of people got very frightened about what Healey was saying. The service we were offering, avoidance within the law, caught the imagination of people.' The solution, according to former Tory treasury minister Jock Bruce-Gardyne, is to 'reduce the confiscatory nature of marginal rates, then the cause of such schemes is diminished'. This is what the government has done.

Defenders of Rossminster like to point out the difference between (legal) tax avoidance and (illegal) tax evasion, and to stress that Rossminster was very carefully and properly in the avoidance business. Roy Tucker and Ron Plummer, the men behind Rossminster, complain that the Inland Revenue has admitted it won't be filing charges after a 'dawn raid' on their homes on (Revenue officials do have a sense of humour) Friday 13 July 1979. They are suing the Revenue for millions of pounds in damages.

But this book makes clear that there is no hard and fast distinction between avoidance and evasion, as their lordships discovered when various controversial tax cases went to the House of Lords. As Nigel Tutt points out, 'scarcely any of Tucker's customers, all having paid hefty fees for his services, were able to garner any tax relief', because nearly every scheme has been successfully challenged in the courts by the Revenue.

Now the tax 'avoiders' are in government the courts are no longer relevant, because they have changed the rules of the game. The highest marginal tax rate is now an 'unconfiscatory' 60 per cent, and various schemes, like the 'Business Expansion Scheme' and share option tax reliefs, are specifically designed to allow the rich to avoid even this rate.

John Rentoul

A Defence of Clichés
NICHOLAS BAGNALL *Constable* £7.95

The title is slightly off-beam, wide of the mark or out of kilter with the book's thesis; for this is not so much a defence of clichés as an attack on the cult of originality. Bagnall agrees with Edmund Burke that 'every person's perception of, and reaction to, any given phenomenon is the same as everyone else's'. Hence he defends Gray against the charge that his poetry is composed of commonplace phrases, attacks the Romantics and generally upholds the Augustan model of literature.

A reactionary book, you might think, then, but perhaps the cult of originality is played out. Analogies with architecture provide Bagnall with some of his best points. Comparing the classical repertoire of cornice, spandrel and dado with the classical writer's armory of tag, allusion and literary imitation, he shows how the quest for honesty, purity and truth has led to an infinite regression of reflecting glass windows with nothing to reflect but more windows, and a language that has ceased to be a means of communication.

Peter Forbes

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FILMS

How I wonder what you are

John Coleman

As the Actress said to the Senator. . .Theresa Russell and Tony Curtis in *Insignificance*

Insignificance (15)
Odeon, Haymarket
Ladyhawke (PG)
Classics, Haymarket, Tottenham Court Road and Chelsea; Coronet, Westbourne Grove
Tight Spot (A)
NFT, 23 August

FOR SOME Nicolas Roeg is the white hope of British cinema, in that he is adventurous, oblique, instinctively and deliberately opposed to the conventions of linear narrative and one hell of an image-maker.

For me he remains its black hole, a metaphor hardly out of place in discussing a film full of references to stars human and stars astral. Scripted by Terry Johnson from his 1982 stage play, **Insignificance** is largely set in a New York hotel suite in 1954, occupied by a Professor (Michael Emil) and variously invaded by an Actress (Theresa Russell), a Ballplayer (Gary Busey) and a Senator (Tony Curtis). That these four luminaries of sorts are simulacra of Albert Einstein, Marilyn Monroe, Joe DiMaggio and the HUAC horror, Joe McCarthy, is made so clear from their acts and appurtenances (mention of $e=mc^2$; MM filming her skirt-blowing scene from *The Seven-Year Itch*; the ballplayer her jealous husband; the senator sweatily out to get Einstein to testify) that it seems downright contrary of Mr Roeg to suggest their identities don't matter. Of course they do. This is no case of an author in search of four characters; he has found them and our knowledge, however vague, of what they stood for is an absolutely integral part of what bemused entertainment and thematic connections the piece has to offer.

The high point, for instance, when Marilyn has fled the subway-grating gusts to explain to Einstein *her* concept of the theory of relativity with the help of balloons, toy cars and synchronised watches, would surely lose all point and piquancy otherwise. These two are even tolerable look-alikes. Not so Emil and Curtis, but their fated functions would be utterly subverted if we couldn't give them real-life names and status.

As to the abstractable 'action', this has brains, beauty, brawn and beastliness doing their respective things. DiMaggio fails in a last-ditch attempt to win back his wife; McCarthy fails to browbeat Einstein and, mistaking Monroe for a whore, impotently punches her in the belly, causing her bloodily to miscarry; Einstein — 'They call you the mummy and the daddy of the H-bomb,' the senator has said — throws all his latest calculations out of the window, appalled at where they may lead. He then has a last vision of holocaust, a protracted display of papers whirling around the room, flames everywhere, Monroe's swirling skirt on fire, roasted corpses, burning books, which is technically something of a staggerer (reviving memories of that fanciful slow-motion explosion near the end of Antonioni's *Zabriskie Point*) before all returns to normal and MM's extended arm is frozen, bidding the tormented scientist bye-bye.

Throughout this intractable movie, Roeg plays his habitual games with the tenses and with imagination. Einstein's watch is stopped at 8.15, presumably Hiroshima time; there are blinding white flashes; a picturesque Japanese woman is caught watering a garden; the Bomb, for all Marilyn's breezy reassurances, overshadows all. (The quartet, after all, is a pretty doomy one anyway.) Brief, nugatory flashbacks show the four as youngsters. Before she aborts in the hotel bathroom MM has a premonitory vision of her bloodied hand-print on the mirror as well as other unpleasantnesses. A watch free-falls through space at the very outset, warning us maybe that time is to be of the essence. A vast Cherokee elevator-attendant (Will Sampson), over-given to eerie grins, adopts Einstein as a fellow-Cherokee, spreading out his tribal solipsism to embrace the genius, rather as Roeg projects himself on to not much less than everything in and out of creation as he assembles his undo-able celluloid jigsaws.

The invitation, as in all his films except the excellent *Walkabout*, is to suspend normal expectations of logic, continuity, even sense in favour of some greater, supremely cinematic 'experience'. Gnomic utterances are broadcast like revealed truths, if we could only connect. What continues to defeat me is the banality (where it is not crassness) of what is verbally communicated, coupled with the facile and open-ended visual cross-references — a kind of aspiring paronomasia for the eyes only. The world is a flux; we are all role-players; knowledge is illusory; people cede responsibility for their private lives to public figures; God is where you find him, or her. Thank you very much. What must be fairly post-scripted is that there are several moments of genuinely funny-whacky humour in this latest Roeg. 'I saw the face of God!' exclaims an awe-struck film technician from beneath that billowing skirt.

Location shooting for Richard Donner's expensive, broken-backed, sword-and-sorcery

Recommended viewing

A regular selection by our critic from films still doing the rounds

Birdy Eloquent images, inspired technique, skin-tight performances give brave lift-off to allegory-flecked adventures in blue-collar Philly of ornithological obsessive (Matthew Modine) and butch buddy (Nicolas Cage), later traumatised by Vietnam. Alan Parker's most sympathetic venture since *Bugsy*.

The Purple Rose of Cairo Woody Allen's brilliantly faceted, sad-funny fantasy, as relevant to our depressed Eighties as its Depression Thirties. Actor in idiot flick descends from New Jersey screen briefly to woo movie-mad, downtrodden housewife, making chaos and whoopee. (Mia Farrow, Jeff Daniels).

Witness Australian director Peter Weir in fine-tuned control of offbeat US thriller. Rugged but honest city policeman (Harrison Ford), grudgingly harboured from bent colleagues by time-warp Amish farmers, shares unconsummated love with Kelly McGillis's superb widow until the inevitable, estranging shoot-out.

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Ladyhawke took place in three castles belonging to the late Visconti, who would surely have died rather than countenance this tedious exploitation of some fine scenery. A perky young pickpocket escapes from a deep dungeon to become involved in the fortunes of a knight-with-a-hawk by day who turns into a lady-with-a-wolf by night. A baleful bishop thus ensured that sex between the spell-bound couple would be not on, but he gets his during an eclipse. Also eclipsed are the talents of Matthew (*WarGames*) Broderick, Rutger Hauer, Leo McKern and Michelle Pfeiffer.

At the NFT, as an item in a Columbia films season, 'Dramas and Thrillers', of great richness, is Phil Karlson's agreeably well-played, low-budget **Tight Spot** (1955), with Ginger Rogers in sub-*Roxie Hart* wisecracking form as material witness-convict, Edward G. Robinson as prosecuting attorney who needs her and Brian Keith as ambiguous cop-protector. Much fun is poked at television, a sign of those nervous times. □

ARCHITECTURE

Goths and vandals

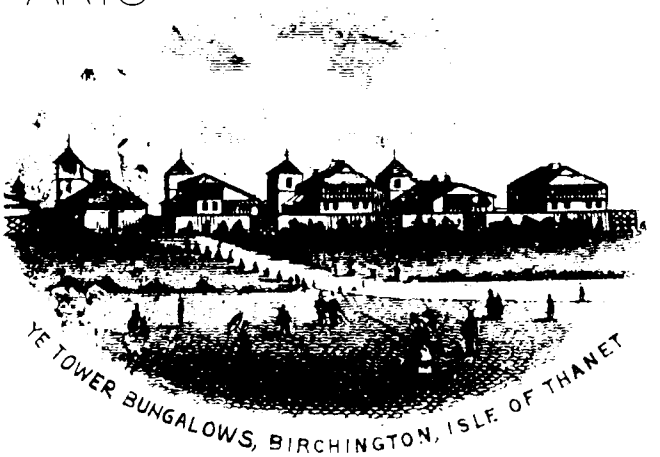
Jules Lubbock

'A PROFEST architect is proud, opinionative and troublesome, seldome at hand . . . therefore be your own architect or keep still,' wrote Roger North in the late 17th century long before the modern professional architect had appeared on the scene. How can architects be made publicly accountable? Not even the diatribes of the past year solve the problem. Obviously planning controls and the fear of extensive public enquiries help, as Mr Palumbo's welcome appointment of James Stirling to develop his site near Mansion House shows. Mr Stirling announced that he was sympathetic to the buildings on site, particularly the Gothic Mappin and Webb corner, and hoped to retain some facades — as if we ought to be grateful to him. But he told me that the reason he preferred building in Germany was that there were fewer preservationists around!

The nuisance value of inquiries may tame those few developers and their architects with prominent London sites, but they do nothing to stop schemes out of the metropolitan limelight such as the International Convention Centre in Birmingham. Incredible as it may seem in this post-Miesian era the Council, in league with a property consortium, is proposing a comprehensively redeveloped plaza littered with high-rise blocks and glazed convention halls in yet another ill-conceived attempt to revive the city's economy and modernise its image — as if nothing had changed since the 1960s.

The problem, then, is partly political and economic; but it is largely professional. Developers look to architects for advice. And the leaders of the profession control the educational curriculum so that non-conformist students do not last the course. The old guard packs the committees for competitions and exhibitions, so that favourite sons are selected.

Take the current exhibition at the RIBA of **40**



Architects Under 40. The jury included my old friends Richard Rogers and Michael Manser who, incidentally, poked me in the stomach with his *Financial Times* and said I should be run out of town. It was difficult to judge the quality of the work because the drawings were illegible without the aid of a magnifying glass. But I could compile some statistics. Five per cent of the exhibitors were women. Fifty per cent were modernists, 20 per cent post-modernists, 15 per cent arts and crafts, 7½ per cent classicists, and a mere 7½ per cent Neo-Victorian. The presentation alone shows that few of the future leaders of the profession regarded architecture as a public art.

It is hard to support Jocelyn Stephens, the new Rector of the Royal College of Art, appointed by Mrs Thatcher to enforce commercial values and to decimate the painting school. But he has worked wonders with the architecture which used to look like so much graph paper. The story goes that last year he issued an ultimatum: either future shows were comprehensible or the department was closed. So this year plans were labelled, there were models, but above all the students had learned to draw and were wandering around with their sketch-books recording old buildings under the prevailing light and from different angles in relation to their surroundings as their predecessors used to do. Mies van der Rohe once said that he didn't know what Chicago looked like because he never went for a walk. It shows. But this year's RCA graduates under the tutelage of an inspired teacher, James Gowan, whose contract has not been renewed, produced attractive work, even the modernists. I particularly admired a 250-foot tall block of flats on Hampstead Heath topped with a cluster of turrets and an astrological globe demonstrating that even skyscrapers can be beautiful when based on Gothic principles.

The standard to which students must aspire if architecture is ever to flourish again is set by an exhibition at the V&A of the drawings of three 19th-century architects, which is, incidentally, a model of intelligible labelling. Sir John Soane and Pugin are not unfamiliar figures so I shall concentrate on the less well known Gothic architect, John Seddon — though I cannot pass over an exquisite Pugin drawing for a cubicle in a Gothic library, glowing in the light of a traceried window, the very image of a place for peaceful study.

A house in Surrey has no fewer than eight roofs, all at different levels, all different shapes, all richly coloured, as are the walls, in diamonds and lozenges and bands of multicoloured tile and brickwork set against the green hills. How well Seddon understood the importance of skyline and of colour in our climate. Neither classical nor modern architecture have any place here — the imports respectively of autocratic Stuart monarchs and power-crazy capitalists. At the other end of the scale Seddon designed simple village schools and vicarages elaborated with bell-towers, gables and pointed windows, whose steep slate roofs slope down to form welcoming porches.

But his greatest claim on our attention is that on the Isle of Thanet in Kent during the 1870s he invented the bungalow, at first very fashionable with the Pre-Raphaelites, with its verandahs, towers overlooking the sea and half-timbering. The bungalow was the ancestor of the inter-war suburban semi. Here is an intriguing thought: 'profest architect' though he was, Seddon helped re-establish a vernacular architecture on Gothic and Old English principles that could be multiplied in its millions, without the aid of professional designers, to the lasting delight of its occupants. Yet there is barely an architecture school in this country where the principles of Gothic are taught. □

ART

Between the covers

John Spurling

THE TITLE of Richard Cork's book, **Art Beyond the Gallery** (Yale, £40), might be taken two ways. He's actually describing some of the art commissioned to decorate various public and private spaces in London during the first third of this century, but he might be writing about art books and catalogues, the whole apparatus of explanation and reproduction which provokes, guides and flavours our consumption of the original works.

His own book, in fact, does more: it's in large part a substitute for the originals. Epstein's controversial nude statues for the British Medical Association Headquarters in the Strand were deliberately reduced to rubble after the building was acquired by the Government of Southern Rhodesia in 1935. Mme

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Strindberg's club 'The Cave of the Golden Calf' only lasted a year before its creditors closed in and most of its decorations by Epstein, Eric Gill, Spencer Gore, Wyndham Lewis and others disappeared. Some of the furniture, textiles and moveables decorated by Roger Fry's Omega Workshops have survived, but the interior decors have not; nor have Lewis's interiors: the astounding black dining-room for Lady Drogheda's house, his murals for the Rebel Art Centre, his study for Ford Madox Ford, his Vorticist Room in the Restaurant de la Tour Eiffel. Of all the brave ventures described in Cork's book only the sculptures by Epstein, Gill, Moore and others for the London Underground Headquarters near Victoria remain intact.

Cork's book is partly a careful reconstruction — with the help of sketches, photographs, contemporary descriptions and his own guesswork — of what the artists achieved; partly an entertaining account of the reactions of shock/horror/ridicule aroused in the public and press; and partly a mild polemic in favour of more public commissions and adventurous art in public places. But given these sad sagas of misunderstanding and bad feeling, hard work, ill payment, public execration and ultimate obliteration, I would be inclined, if I were an artist, to prefer to have my work seen inside a gallery than its brief existence recorded, however admiringly, in some later sequel to Cork's book.

T.J. Clark's **The Painting of Modern Life** (Thames & Hudson, £18) is also a reconstruction, but of a subtler kind. The paintings — by Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Degas and Seurat — which form part of its subject-matter are all safe inside galleries, but Professor Clark is also in search of the world they were painted into and he dares to suggest that their response to it was not entirely adequate:

> Impressionism became very quickly the house style of the *haute bourgeoisie*, and there are ways in which its dissolution into the decor of Palm Springs and Park Avenue is well deserved; it tells the truth of this painting's complaisance at modernity.

His reconstruction is therefore in some sense a destruction, for once you begin seriously to question — with social and historical documentation and the objectivity of hindsight — the relation of art to life, you inevitably expose the elements of idealism and illusion which are intrinsic to even the most earnestly truthful art.

The Paris of Manet and his followers was just becoming 'modern'. The emergence of the *petit bourgeoisie*, which Clark sees as 'one of the main circumstances of modern art', the decay of old social and economic ties hastened by Haussman's rebuilding of Paris, the change in the status of prostitutes and suburbs, the arrival of new popular forms of entertainment such as the 'café-concerts' are reflected not only in the content but also the manner of such paintings as Manet's *Olympia* and *Un Bar Aux Folies Bergères*, Monet's many views of the factory town and boating resort of Argenteuil and Seurat's *Une Baignade à Asnières*, where 'lumpish boys' are clearly shown to be bathing in 'an unfashionable place', even if we did not happen to know that they are directly opposite the mouth of a main sewer.

Clark's purpose is not, of course, to take the stuffing out of the Impressionists and show them up as mere prettifying aesthetes, but to examine their 'modernity' more narrowly than hitherto and, incidentally, to 'unlearn our present ease with Impressionism' and be 'struck by their strangeness'. In the process, however, he tells us a great deal they left out or alluded to only vaguely and raises a little shadow of doubt in the mind: are the Impressionists any longer really necessary, hasn't Clark's very clever and stimulating book superceded them and reduced them to useful period illustrations? Well, of course they are sound investments too, as well as feathers in a museum's cap.

THE STORY of the rise and fall and rise again of the creator of Piccadilly's *Eros* is a gift to any biographer and Richard Dorment does well enough in **Alfred Gilbert** (Yale, £19.95) in a slightly arm's-length fashion, without eliciting much sympathy for his monomaniacal hero. The brickbats Gilbert received after the unveiling of *Eros* were amply compensated for by the instant success of such works as *Perseus Arming*, *Icarus* and the tomb of the Duke of Clarence, but his financial incompetence, inability to meet deadlines and dishonest dealings even with such a powerful and dangerous client as King Edward VII brought him swiftly to bankruptcy, disgrace and exile.

The wonder is that he ever recovered sufficiently to carry out another commission for the Royal Family and receive a belated knighthood — that seems to have been due mainly to a few devoted admirers. Dorment dismisses a few of his works as inferior, but for the rest considers him without question, as Gilbert himself and his contemporary admirers did, a genius and major sculptor. Perhaps he was the former — he had a strong imagination and great delicacy of execution — but the egotism and folly of his life are reflected in the narcissistic triviality of much of his work. Its only development is decorative and the emotions it projects are as inhibited and simplistic as those of Peter Pan. Failing to face up to the inadequacy of an oeuvre which began so promisingly, Dorment's account reads rather too complacently and has a falsely happy ending. It is, in fact, one of the saddest stories.

Max Beckmann by Carla Schulz-Hoffman and Judith Weiss (Prestel/Norton, £39.95) is actually the catalogue for Beckmann's centenary retrospective shown in Germany and America last year. Since it flew past this country without stopping, we should be grateful that the catalogue is so lavishly illustrated, even if those who saw the show must have needed a golf trolley to take it round with them. Beckmann was at one time as neglected as Alfred Gilbert, but few, I think, would now disagree that he was one of the outstanding artists of this century. His work needs explaining, of course: it is as reliant on symbols as Gilbert's and far more complicated, but this book will ensure that by the time we get a retrospective in Britain we are all properly prepared to enjoy it. □

THEATRE

Anything for a laugh

Victoria Radin

A Chorus of Disapproval
ALAN AYCKBOURN *Olivier*
The Seagull
CHEKHOV *Queens*
The Metropolitan Mikado
ALISTAIR BEATON & NED SHERRIN *QEH*

IN THE COMEDY of wizened lives and threadbare emotions Alan Ayckbourn has no equal. This makes him, I suppose, our National Farceur, and latterly a significant portion of his elephantine output has been enshrined at the National Theatre. **A Chorus of Disapproval** now fetches up at the Olivier, no less, to a nearly unanimous bellow of approval.

Here, then, on the stage fashioned after Epidaurus for the retailing of national myths and archetypes, is Ayckbourn's familiar collection of frumps, nerds, creeps, would-be lovers and failed — the critical word about all of them is 'failed' — two-bit crooks from the suburbs. They all belong to the Pendon Light Amateur Operatic Society and their ostensible concern is to get their production of *The Beggar's Opera* onto the stage of the Joshua Pike Memorial Centre Complex. Lovers of unforced irony will note that the Olivier lends itself very easily to a brutish concrete provincial facility.

Chief among the participants is Guy Jones, a light baritone widower with something to do with alternative costings. He joins as the one-line crook Finger Jack, but is elevated by a series of amazing strokes of fortune until he assumes the role of Macheath himself. Entirely passively and with nothing apparent to offer he also becomes the crony of Dafydd Ap Llewellyn, the failed actor-turned-solicitor who is the producer (and designer and lighting designer) of the proceedings; the lover of both Hannah, Dafydd's submissive wife, and of Fay, a single-minded sexual swinger; and the recipient of manifold offers of bribes for information on a land deal about which he knows nothing.

This being Ayckbourn, by the end of the evening Guy is reduced to his original disadvantaged nerdiness, with the loss of his job thrown in for good measure. The play begins and ends with the final chorus from *The Beggar's Opera*, imparting a note of pleasing conclusiveness when there is none to be had in the story line; and the woven bits of correspondences from John Gay's vastly more robust work, like the backstage business, provide nothing more resonant than a sense of being let into the gag. The plot lumbers along mechanically: with all the songs and jokes, there is not time for Hannah and Guy to be seen falling in love; the scene where Guy turns up at Fay's, innocently trailing an invisible septuagenarian 'date', for an evening of sex looks like a vastly over-extended revue

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sketch; naturally Dafydd confesses his sexless marriage when the tannoy is on; and it seems like *déjà vu* when Hannah and Guy break up their affair while Dafydd does a lighting rehearsal, complete (of course) with exploding lamps. In this production, directed by the author, Imelda Staunton manages to find warmth and likeliness as the stock Ayckbourn victim-wife who, in the author's crazed bid for laughs, is reduced to wrestling over a pair of paisley Y-fronts in a cafe with Gemma Craven's hard-as-nails vamp; and Michael Gambon as Dafydd gambols up and down the stalls with brio. Bob Peck's portrait of Guy, however, is all twitchy standing-on-one-leg post Mike Leigh behaviourism, a reading which alienates this alienated character beyond the pale.

After Chekhov has supplied her with one of the best pre-entrance build-ups since Cleopatra, Vanessa Redgrave's Arkadina swans on to Eileen Diss's elegant lakeside in **The Seagull** in a gold-dripped headdress and grecian belt as if she were la Duse. But, though she is capable of executing a series of ballet steps to show young Masha (played with caustic brittleness by Julia Swift) how fit and lithe she is at 43, this plausible Arkadina is no swooning thespian. She is a charming bitch, an egotist who would no more be persuaded into doing something she doesn't want to than into imagining what it must be like to be in someone else's skin. She hasn't time for fake civility; and when it looks as though her lover Trigorin is wriggling off the hook, there is nothing craven in her approach to winning him back. She grabs Jonathan Pryce by the knees, throws him to the ground and crawls between his outspread legs while fondling his bottom and declaring him to be a great writer. Naturally he capitulates.

In Charles Sturridge's beautiful production, now at the Queens, with Redgrave, Pryce and Swift replacing the three original players, for once sense is made of the union between the actress and her younger lover. That sense is sexual: sprung from the trap of her repressed-neurotic roles, Redgrave is a match for Pryce's proven ability, rare on the British stage — perhaps for lack of practice — to transmit sexiness, and one never forgets that the social games we see are only the jam on the bread of that relationship. The most haunting performance, however, comes from Redgrave's daughter, Natasha Richardson, as Nina, the one character to learn wisdom in the play. In a fine new translation by the director and Tania Alexander, her reading of Nina's last speech, with its refrain, 'I'm a seagull. No! That's not right!' acquires the chilling force of a Beckett monologue. Despite a poor Konstantin, this is an extraordinarily moving evening.

Down at Queen Elizabeth Hall, the GLC is sending itself up — and, indeed, off — with a new G & S lampoon, **The Metropolitan Mikado**, adapted again by Alistair Beaton and Ned Sherrin, who also directs. Our Ken is now disguised as Boy Ken (as in George), who loves Yum Yum who is loved by Sir Ko-Ko, Police Commissioner with a riding crop and flying ears, while . . . Neil Kinnock, alias Pooh-Bach, Minister for Everything Else and now a Tory opportunist running Welshly at the mouth, is the hardest hit in a weak-kneed, knickers-oriented production. Over to Ayckbourn. □

Do buffaloes eat spaghetti?

Michael Rosen

YOU WOULDN'T normally spend much brain-time on thinking of the answers to questions like: Do buffaloes eat spaghetti? Who invented spoons? and, What's your best food? But children have a way of forcing you to dig in to the trivial, crazy and irrelevant. Only by really getting to grips with the important job of making a league table of my foods, did I realise how unlike the children I meet I am in my eating.

Consider, for example, the pickled herring. I seem doomed to live with people who, when they watch me easing cold dull-grey herrings out of brine, die a little inside. No use my saying, with a fin sticking out from under my moustache, 'Thousands of Danes, Jews and Sir Toby Belch are with me in this.' The pickled herring belongs to that bit of one's input that is, let us say, cultural. In there go the salt beef and cucumber, the halva, the chick pea and the bagel. But these others, nice as they are, are not central heartland material. This is what makes me one of those people whom Sainsbury's shelf-stackers love to lynch (along with the bloke with £56-worth of groceries and no cheque card, and the woman who runs the parent-teacher association socials — she of the 91 packets of twiglets).

ME: I don't seem to be able to see the pickled herrings.

STACKER: With the sardines, sir. Follow me. (We look at the noble sardine, the wonderful brisling, the magnificent mackerel fillet and even the highly savoury little sild — but no pickled herring.)

STACKER: My mistake, sir. With the pickled cabbage. Follow me. (We look at pickled cabbage, cauliflower, onions, cucumber, walnuts — but no herring.)

STACKER: Sorry sir, we don't stock it.

ME: But you've got it at Stamford Hill.

STACKER: Ah yes. Stamford Hill.

An 'ah yes' that could conjure up anything from the sacking of the temple to the Nuremberg laws for the over-sensitive, Stamford Hill being something of a colony for Schmolvos (a religious Jewish sect rather inclined to shoot out of side-turnings in Volvo Estate cars). 'No matter,' I think looking at the stacker, the kids won't be able to yell 'Eeeeeeurrrrrck!' this week when damp herring hits my plate with that lovely slimy smack.

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Then there's Memory Food. Like very hard bitter black chocolate. The stuff the French call *chocolat à croquer*, which, as far as I know, means 'chocolate to crack . . .' (your teeth?) Difficult stuff to find in England because the Great British Quaker chocolate kings all think it's necessary to lard their cocoa butter to make it smoooooooth. The thing about this *chocolat* stuff is that, when I was 16, I spent six weeks as the only English Being in a French *Colonie de Vacances* (kids' summer camp). There we were camping out in ex-army tents in the French Arizona, the Ardèche, spending every afternoon lolling in warm river pools, among limestone gorges and white sand river banks. At four o'clock someone made the trek back to base in the hot dry sun for *quelquechose à bouffer* (something to scoff). Nearly always it was the jerrycan of *menthe*, a luminous mint squash, stale bread and . . . *chocolat à croquer*. And there we'd sit in the hot sand carefully portioning a piece of *chocolat* with a mouthful of bread until it was time to loll about in the water again. And all this flavoured with the agony and ecstasy of unrequited adolescent passion. (It was the year bikini tops had buttons at the back.) Actually, Sainsbury's do sell some pretty good stuff in a green packet, next to the raisins, sir . . .

And then there's the Pritikin syndrome. Of all the gurus to suffer under, promise me you will avoid the unbelievable Nathan Pritikin. Go on, ruin your enjoyment of ideologically unsound entertainment with your studies of Gramsci, explode your family life with Laing and Cooper, go for Ley Lines, original sin or unoriginal zen, but avoid Kommandant Pritikin, he, the tyrant of the no sugar, no fat grub-stakes. In the Land of Pritikin you will discover something called Sapsago cheese, instructions in Chinese to 'boil the vegetables please, don't fry,' for handing to the waiter at the Golden Lantern, and also the dreaded quark — a cheese made mostly of water. Look out for the little German packet with *mager stufe* (skinny stuff) written on it. Look out for the French (*maigre, blanc battu, 0%*), (skinny, white and beaten up, 0%). You will hardly be able to stop yourself pouring it over your alfalfa sprouts (no kidding) and into your oil-free ratatouille (honest). Once I'd let the Nathan Pritikin rule my brain and quark smother my tomatoes, I'd become a slave of skinny, beaten-up white stuff . . .

'That's really interesting, dad. My favourite food is Macdonald's strawberry milk shake.'

'Oh yes,' I say, 'there's this stuff, a woman I used to know, she made it, it was made out of mint and wheaty stuff and lemon juice and . . .'

'*Do* buffaloes eat spaghetti, dad?' □

Among this week's contributors:

M. H. Ryle is the co-author, with Roland Clarke, of *Green Socialism* to be published by GMP next year.

Joan Smith's *Clouds of Deceit: The Deadly Legacy of Britain's Bomb Tests* will be published by Faber this autumn.

Grace Ingoldby is the author of *Across the Water* (Michael Joseph, 1985).

Naseem Khan and **Benedict Nightingale** are on holiday; the Work in Progress column will be back in two weeks' time.

TELEVISION

Andrew Rissik

A mad world

IT IS THE SUPREME insanity of this century that, faced with the alternative of reaching into space and eventually supporting life there, we prefer to stay at home and perfect ever more deadly and comprehensive methods of indulging what is, in all truth, mere tribal belligerence.

The last US President to recognise the paramount importance of the space programme was Lyndon Johnson. Since then this larger human objective has given way to the short-term diplomacy of Nixon and Ford, to the ignominious and largely ineffective idealism of Carter, to the open-handed, tough-talking provincialism of Ronald Reagan. A fractional increase in the NASA budget would make possible scientific advances more or less undreamed of by the general public. But both the United States and the Soviet Union are now locked, quite inextricably, in the offensive postures to which their different ideologies were always leading. Today, in a piece of farcical linguistic doubletalk, the accent is on 'defense'.

Defence, as Stanley Kubrick knew, implies such a tiptoe readiness for Armageddon, such a colossal capability for all-out attack, that the process terrifies us by its obvious susceptibility to human error. Michael Howard, Regius Professor of History at Oxford, made precisely this point in the second of BBC2's two **After the Bomb** discussion programmes, in which Ludovic Kennedy chaired exchanges of negligible importance and, often, overt untruth. Everyone either toed the party line or talked in laudable but valueless platitude and, behind it all, lay the macabre scenario of *Doctor Strangelove.*

In a week devoted to nuclear television I assume that it was some misguided notion of solemnity or good taste that prevented the showing of Kubrick's satiric masterpiece. All week, behind those pompous talking heads, I could hear George C. Scott's gut-slapping General Turgidson saying, with apocalypse only hours away, 'Gee, I wish *we* had one of those Doomsday machines.' Satire depends upon people saying what they think but wouldn't dare to say, and it may be the only appropriate artistic form for a subject of this magnitude.

On Wednesday, after a 20-year ban, BBC2 screened Peter Watkins's **The War Game**, a chilling paradigm of *cinema verité* technique only a little marred by dialogue of comic-strip banality. As an advertisement for fear this film could hardly be bettered and BBC1 followed it on Thursday with a repeat of **Threads** which struck me, once again, as a bleak piece of North Country naturalism into which the Bomb made a spectacularly unwelcome appearance. But the thinking behind most nuclear drama is po-faced and propagandist. We accept the form for its dissenting politics; its virtual artistic bankruptcy is excused as a casualty of idealism. When the finger is tightening on the trigger, nuclear drama deploys thriller tension at near breaking point. From Sidney Lumet's awful *Fail-Safe* through *The War Game* to *The Day After* and *Threads*, the countdown grips like nothing else we've seen. But the aftermath — an accurately researched but awfully routine wallowing in degradation and fake dirt — defeats everyone, despite the testimony of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, because the photogenic squalor ducks the moral problems.

BUT THE morality of the nuclear age was confronted head on by BBC1's **Nagasaki — Return Journey**, which followed the Nine O'Clock News on Monday, and by a thoughtful, lucid and utterly absorbing documentary on the life and work of J. Robert Oppenheimer, **The Day After Trinity**, which was shown by Channel Four on Sunday night.

Leonard Cheshire was a veteran bomber pilot who was sent as an official observer by the British government at the Nagasaki explosion, and he recalled it with sober horror and an absolute conviction that it had been necessary. Geoffrey Sherring was a POW nearby at the moment of impact, and he owes his life to the fact that he was accidentally under cover, having a crafty smoke. Listening to them both in *Nagasaki — Return Journey*, it was plain that neither had undue regrets. Cheshire faced up squarely to the moral problem, while Sherring bluntly reminded us that his captors had fought a particularly unpleasant war. Japan's military refused to surrender after Hiroshima and were only prevailed upon to do so by Hirohito after the Nagasaki explosion. Truman said later that it was a simple matter of arithmetic: saturation bombing killed more people in Tokyo than the atomic weapons used above Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The Bomb concluded the war less wastefully.

In *The Day After Trinity* we simply listened to witness after witness. The Hydrogen Bomb — which, when tested, vaporised an entire Pacific island — was the result, one scientist said, of that 'technical arrogance that overcomes people when they see what they can do with their minds'. Nothing in either of the discussion programmes was as direct, hard and honest as this.

In an anti-religious age it is easy to see why so many of us are transfixed with fright at the thought of a nuclear apocalypse. Philosophically speaking, we are condemned to short-sightedness. If this world, this life, is all that we have, then, naturally, to be robbed of it wholesale is a catastrophe too appalling to bear thinking of. And I am still beset by the malicious suspicion that, beneath the frenzied protest, lies an understandable but selfish fear that our generation will not get its fair crack of the whip. The Bomb would not merely deny us life: it would interrupt promising careers. Humanity is stupid, greedy and belligerent and the presence of the Bomb may force us to tread more cautiously and with greater generosity. In solving the problem of Hiroshima we may be compelled to redefine our own shabby and self-seeking political morality. And it may be possible to look upon the Bomb as a form of test: it will either destroy us completely or it will make of us a more peaceable, compassionate and responsible form of life. □

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Weekend competition

No 2885 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

There are always complaints about the standard of children's first reading books (Janet and John and so on). In order, therefore, to raise the tone, could we please have extracts (max. 150 words) from *Emma, Lady Chatterley's Lover,* or some other adult masterpiece adapted for the *very* young reader? Deadline: 21 August.

No 2882 **Set by May Day**

Advertisements, following their privatisation, for prisons, law courts or police stations.

Report **By Bunny White**

Even Len's off on holiday — well, he *would* have been on holiday had there not been a small confusion of intention between his scooter and a long-distance coach as they turned into the Hoverport at Pegwell Bay. (We sent him flowers, but the ward sister was forced to put them in a commonroom — it seems he's allergic to pollen.) One can't help *wondering* . . . But no, no; let's talk about the Competition. Or must we, actually? I don't like to say it, but your entries were terribly boring: on and on about how 'secure' your prisons were and how people tended to stay there for years and . . . I mean, that *is* a bit predictable, isn't it? Still, I expect it's all our fault (it usually is, in the long run). Congratulations and ten pounds each to the few of you who weren't *paralytically* tedious.

(Shot of rival squads, in red, green, blue uniforms, chasing crazed villain through streets, swamps etc. Cockney voice-over:)

We was all givin' chase togevver
When vis geezer nicked a swag —
It was summink like 'ell for levver
An' 'e was a smart old lag —
Wiv some of us 'ere, and some of us vere,
Caw blimey what an 'ike,
We follered 'im almost anywhere
An' some of us not on our bike . . .

(The reds catch villain, hauling him through door marked Red Order Zealots Associated, booking him, jailing him, beating him etc)

Vere's anuvver side to arresting
What makes us fav'rite pick:
So raise yer truncheons, he'll do bird
When we've given 'im some stick —
Oh, we are ROZAs, we all are ROZAs,
We're ROZAs not in blue,
When they're in our clink, they ain't in the pink,
And they see what the ROZAs do . . ..

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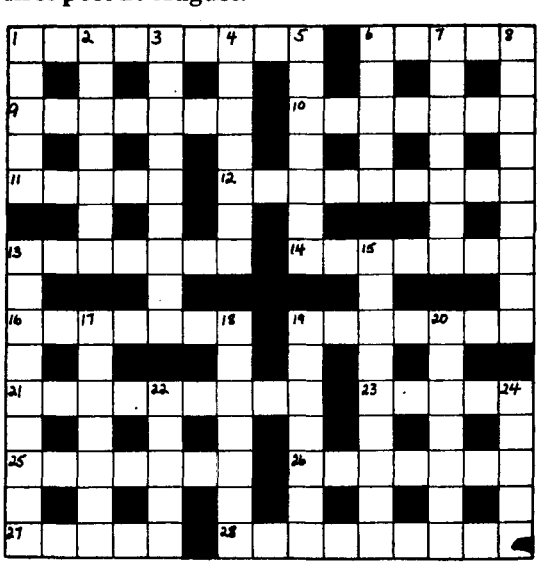
Remember, Corporate Courts don't just dispense justice.

MARK AMBROSE

Weekend Crossword 1488

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1488, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 20 August.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

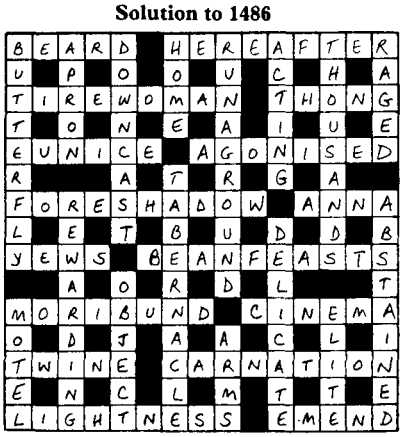
1. A soft shot by a Liverpudlian making a hash of it (9)
6. Place for feeling when there is point in prosperity (5)
9. Possibly bad sign for part of body (7)
10. Scot good at giving a plug (7)
11. Wretched housing which makes a town liberal (5)
12. Conveyances for fruit put behind the stacks (9)
13. Two friends like a hand (7)
14. Part of water for aquatic sports champion? (7)
16. Shops give love song back to little ruler (7)
19. Though roughly fifty may own to be feminine (7)
21. Language which requires means of discipline about one of its features (9)
23. The point of a writer leaving a very small quantity (5)
25. Feeling which turns me into nothing (7)
26. Moment in which one turns against anti-nuclear demonstrations (7)
27. Where there would be wickedness if the party were abandoned (5)
28. Englishman who has sticks put back in frame (9)

DOWN

1. Make pale without starting to let the liquid through (5)
2. An active young lady comes up to torment one (7)
3. Cloth needed when the meal is spilt in the seat (9)
4. Cause loss of confidence, helping to make the runner very jittery (7)
5. Is alluring but possibly that is scent (7)
6. Politician in transport collisions (5)
7. Plant which makes a tear come up in the water (7)
8. Rough-hewn stone army building (9)
13. The ones who suffer in advance are the parsons (9)
15. Mine cries miserably in talk about the past (9)
17. He had an ordeal and goes quietly into the enclosure (7)
18. Claim a heavenly body rises in the lake (7)
19. Insects bring us to disasters (7)
20. Blissful state of the front in revolutionary Iran (7)
22. Hunter goes on about American city (5)
24. Snag which occurs when the strike is over an award (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1486



Prizewinners to 1486

Helen Forrest (Edinburgh)
Mrs N. Gee (Scarborough)
Ginny Nimmo (Southport)

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Further details and an application form are available from the Principal Personnel Officer, The Royal College of Nursing, 20 Cavendish Square, London, W1M 0AB. Tel: 01-409 3333.

Closing date for return of application forms is 22nd August 1985.

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Application Form and Job Description available from the Personnel Manager, Civic Centre, Southampton, SO9 4ZF. Telephone Southampton (0703) 832832 (Answerphone out of office hours quoting ref. no. MN01).

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Informal enquiries to Jif Bayliss on 01-278 4444 Ext 2241.

Application form from and to be returned to: **Director of Housing, Bidborough House, Bidborough Street, WC1H 9DB or telephone 01-388 6935 (Ansafone)** quoting reference no 7/68/NST. Closing date: 27 August 1985.

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LISTINGS

THURS 8 AUG

LONDON South Asian Forum — Vishnu Sharma on 'Issues of Communalism' 7.30pm Tara Arts Centre, 356 Garratt La, SW18. **Details: Rekha 01-871 1458.**

FRI 9 AUG

ISLINGTON International Day of Solidarity with the women of South Africa 7pm Islington Town Hall, Upper St, N1. Spkrs & Freedom songs.

SAT 10 AUG

LONDON Requiem for Hiroshima & Nagasaki 11.30am John Baird pub Fortis Green, N10. Dress in black & white, white head bands, carry pennants saying 'No More Hiroshimas'. Procession to beat of single drum round Muswell Hill to gathering at Priory Park commemorative cherry tree 2pm. (see below) **Org. Muswell Hill CND.**

HIGHGATE Gathering to commemorate Hiroshima Day. 2pm Cherry tree in Priory Park, Priory Rd, N8. (close Middle La. entrance) Spkrs. incl. Tim Piggott-Smith. **Org. Highgate CND.**

LONDON 'Troops out of Ireland — Prisoners out of Jail!' Demo & March led by Derry Marching Band. Assemble 1pm Jubilee Guns march to Rally in Brixton. **Org. Irish Freedom Movement BM IFM, WC1N 3XX. 01-729 0414.**

SUN 11 AUG

CAMBRIDGE Hiroshima & Nagasaki Lantern Floating Commemoration 8.30pm Midsummer Common. Spkrs. incl. Prof. Joseph Needham. **Details: Rosalind Horton for Cambridge CND 0223 313167.**

MON 12 AUG

HAMMERSMITH Hammersmith & Fulham Youth Unemployment Project present 'The Unemployment Festival' — 6 afternoons of workshops. Apply to The Town Hall Leisure & Recreation Dept, 181 King Street or Hammersmith Palais. **Details: Maureen, at Hammersmith & Fulham Youth Unemployment Project.**

FORTHCOMING

24-26 AUG AYLESHAM, Kent. Bank Holiday 'Mines not Missiles' Festival '85. **Details: Roger Gates, 28 Harcourt Drive, Canterbury, Kent CT2 8DP. 0227 459676.**

END AUG LONDON European Nuclear Disarmament Campaign (END) is moving to 11 Goodwin St. They need lots of second-hand furniture — i.e. desks, shelves, filing cabinets, typewriters. **Offers to Moira or Fiona, END, Southbank Hs, Black Prince Rd, SE1 7SJ 01-587 1563.**

4 SEPT LONDON Anti-Apartheid Poetry & Music Benefit 7.30pm Purcell Rm, South Bank, SE1. Tickets £2/£1 UB40. **Advance bking: 01-928 3191/Details: 01-699 5265/387 7966.**

17 SEPT HARROW 'Peace through NATO' debate between Mgr. Bruce Kent, CND & Alan Lee Williams, OBE, Chairman of Peace through NATO. 8pm Gayton High Sch., Sheepcote Rd. **Org. Harrow CND.**

9 OCT LIVERPOOL Diploma in Women's Studies. 2-yr part-time evening course. **Apply: Extension Studies, Liverpool University 051-709 6022 x 2792.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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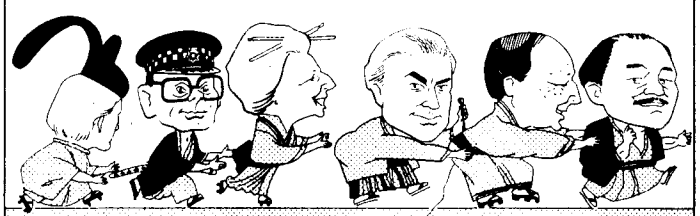

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